MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS

MAY 14

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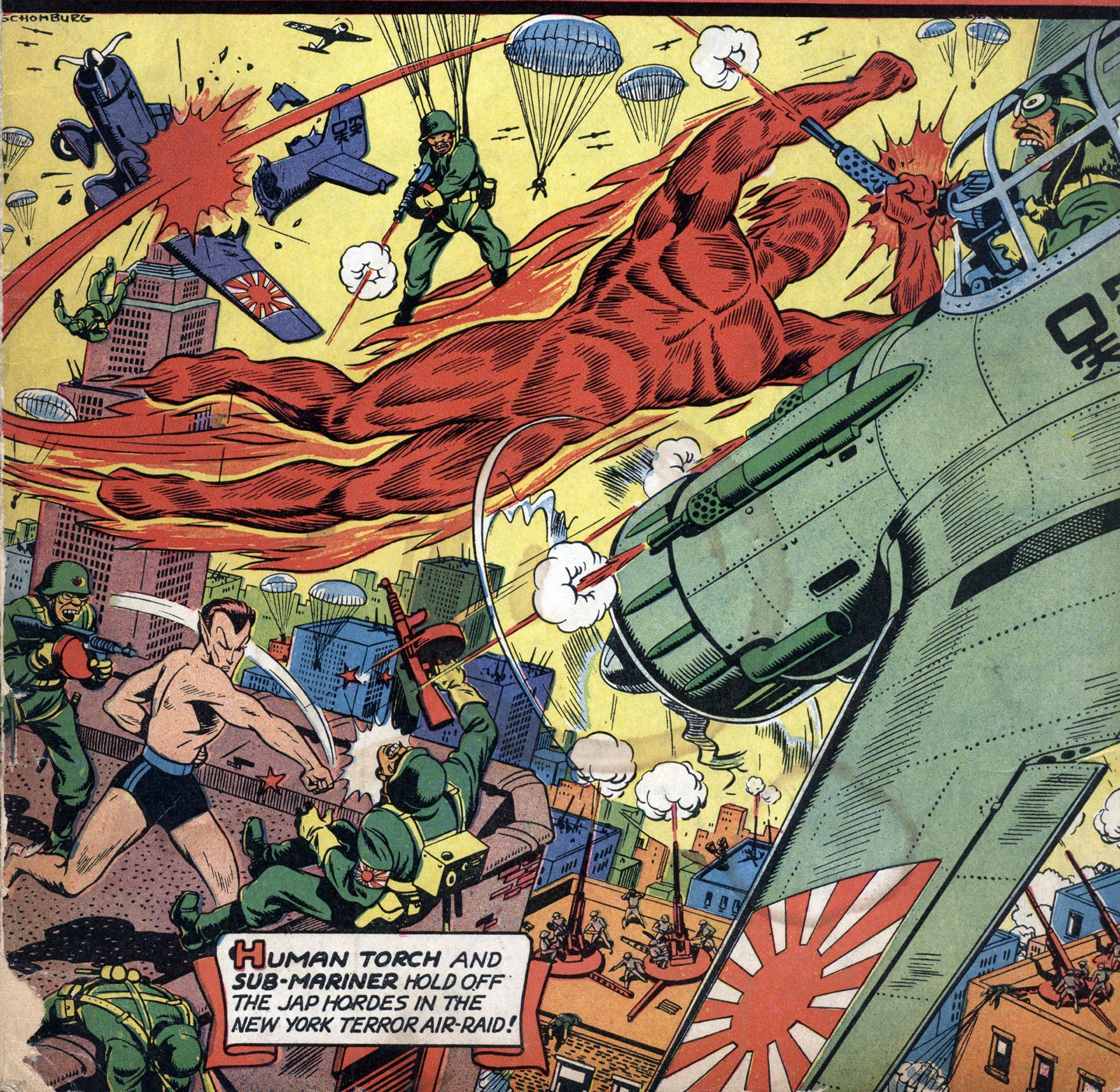
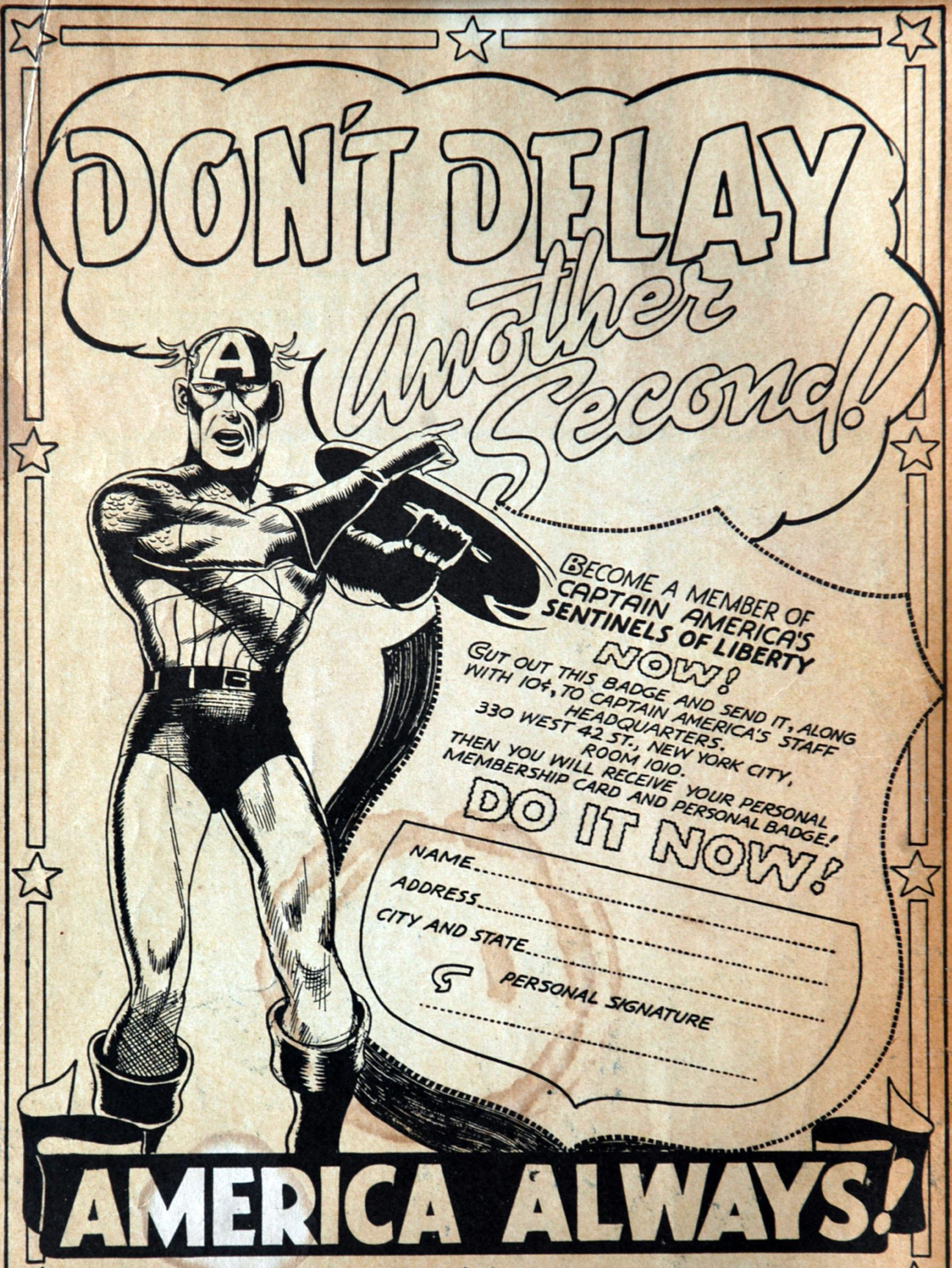
NO. 33

TIMELY COMICS

JULY


SCHOMBURG
HUMAN TORCH AND SUB-MARINER HOLD OFF THE JAP HORDES IN THE NEW YORK TERROR AIR-RAID!


DON'T DELAY
Another Second!
AMERICA ALWAYS!

BECOME A MEMBER OF
CAPTAIN AMERICA'S
SENTINELS OF LIBERTY
NOW!

CUT OUT THIS BADGE AND SEND IT, ALONG
WITH 10¢, TO CAPTAIN AMERICA'S STAFF
HEADQUARTERS.
330 WEST 42 ST., NEW YORK CITY,
ROOM 1010.
THEN YOU WILL RECEIVE YOUR PERSONAL
MEMBERSHIP CARD AND PERSONAL BADGE!

DO IT NOW!

NAME..
ADDRESS..
CITY AND STATE...
....
PERSONAL SIGNATURE
....

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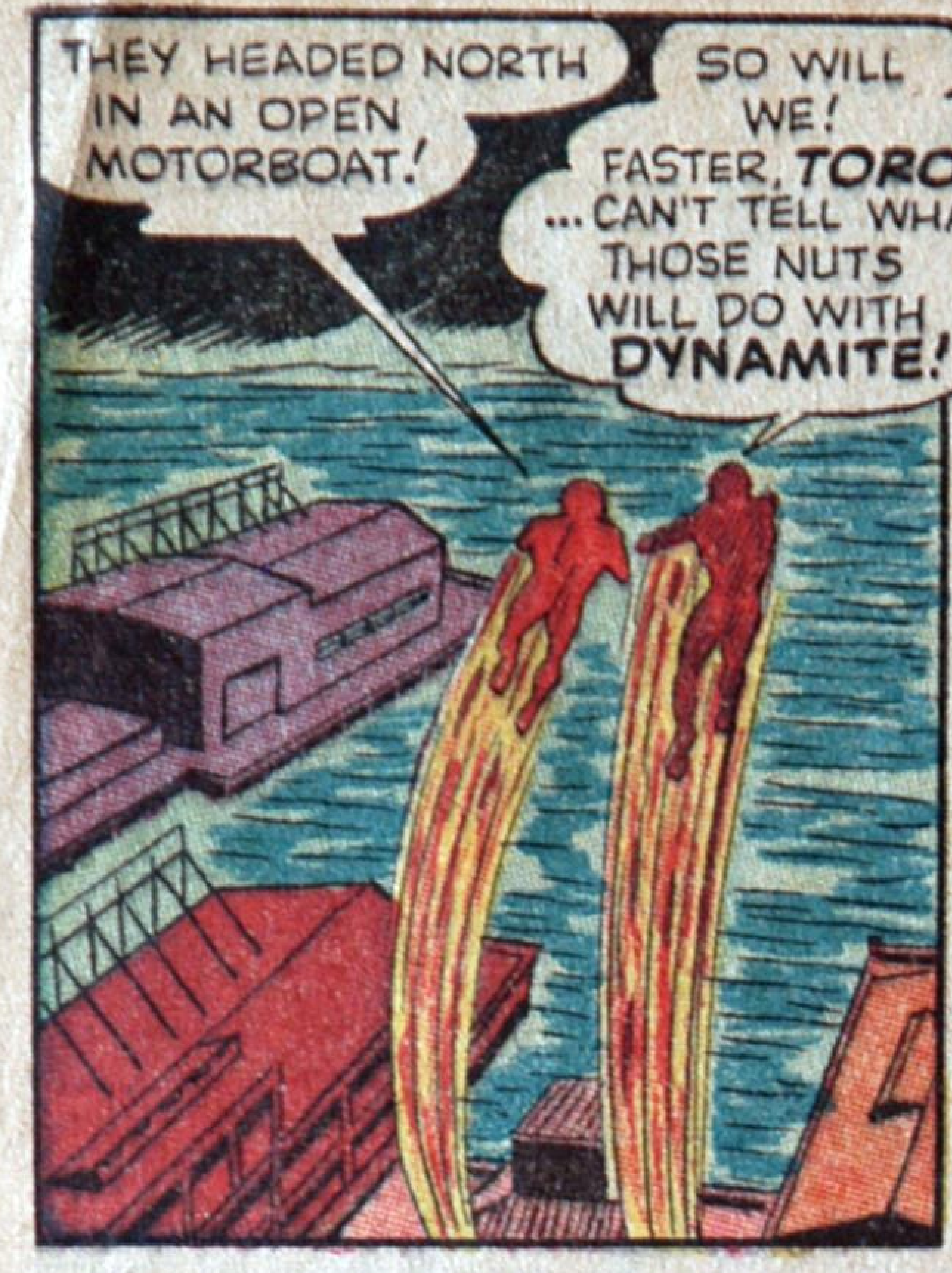
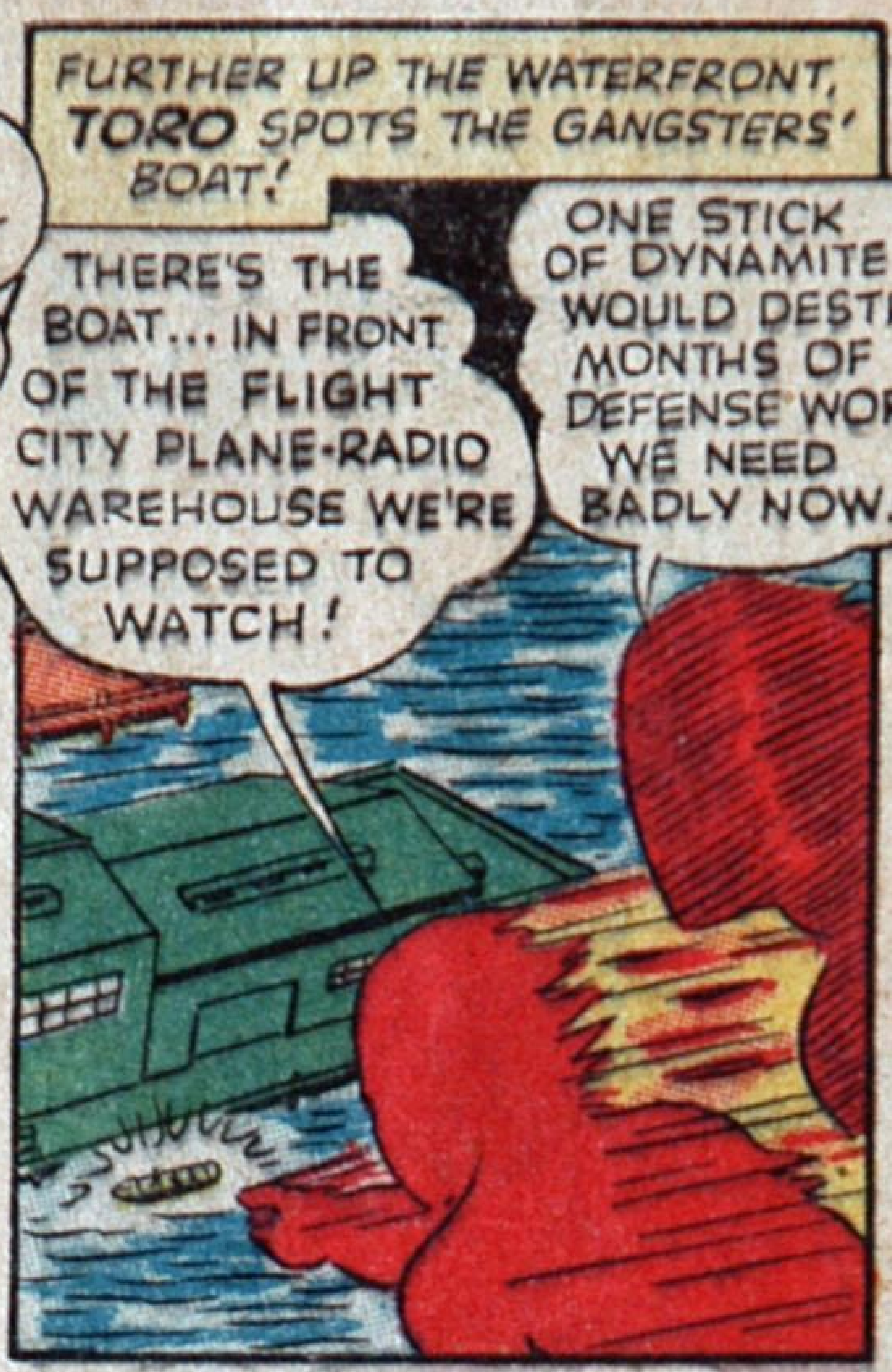
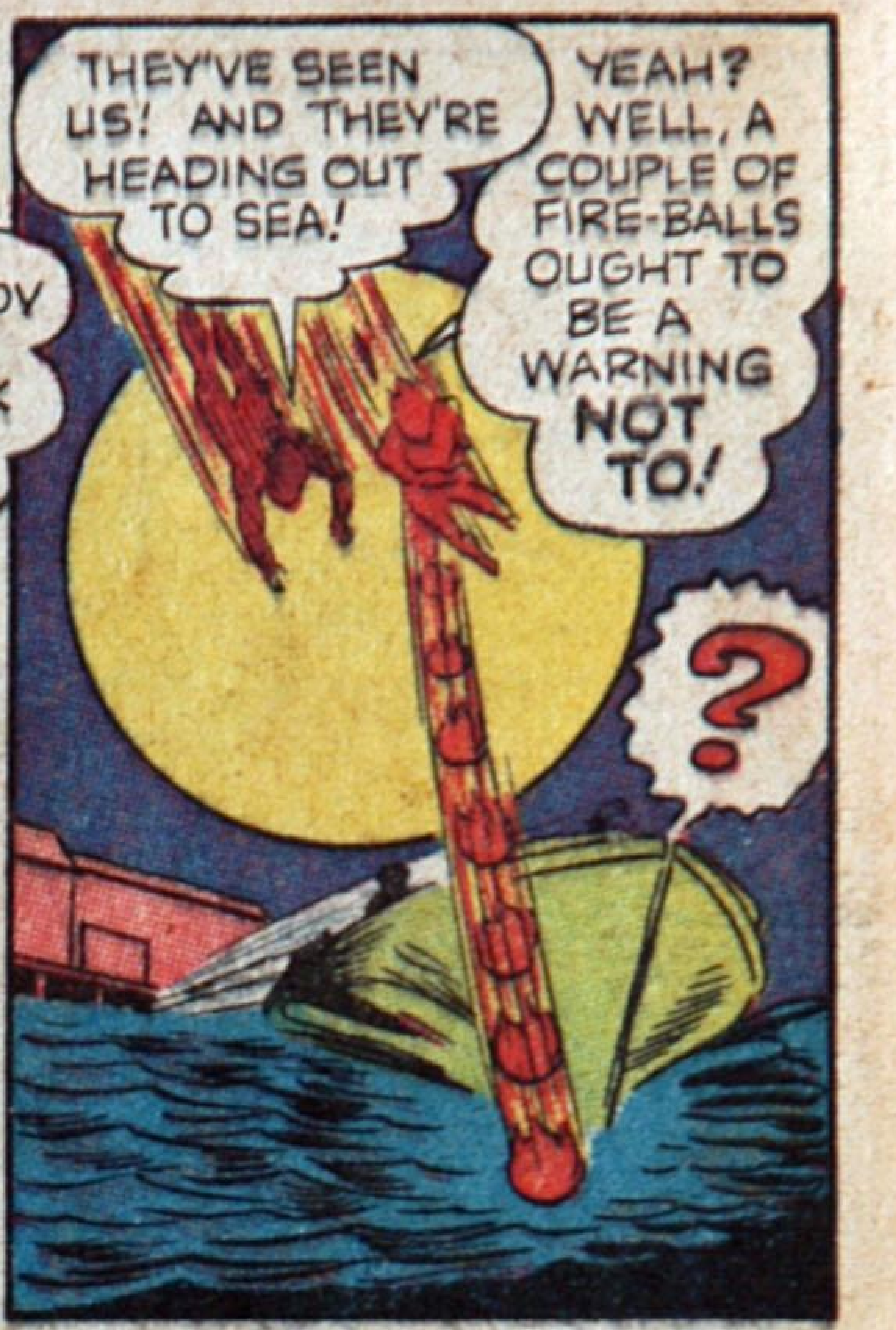
HUMAN TORCH
EXPOSES THE DYNAMITE SABOTEURS!
BURGOS
STARK TERROR ALONG THE WATERFRONT! ... ROMO'S DESPERATE GANG OF VICIOUS HOODLUMS CONCENTRATES THEIR SINISTER ENERGIES UPON STEALING DYNAMITE ... AND MORE DYNAMITE! ... WHY???
... WHAT WAS BEHIND THE HOODLUM GANG? ... THE FIGHTING HUMAN TORCH ... ... AND TORO ... HAVE DECIDED TO FIND OUT AND UNCOVER ----- WELL, LET'S GET ON WITH THE STORY ...

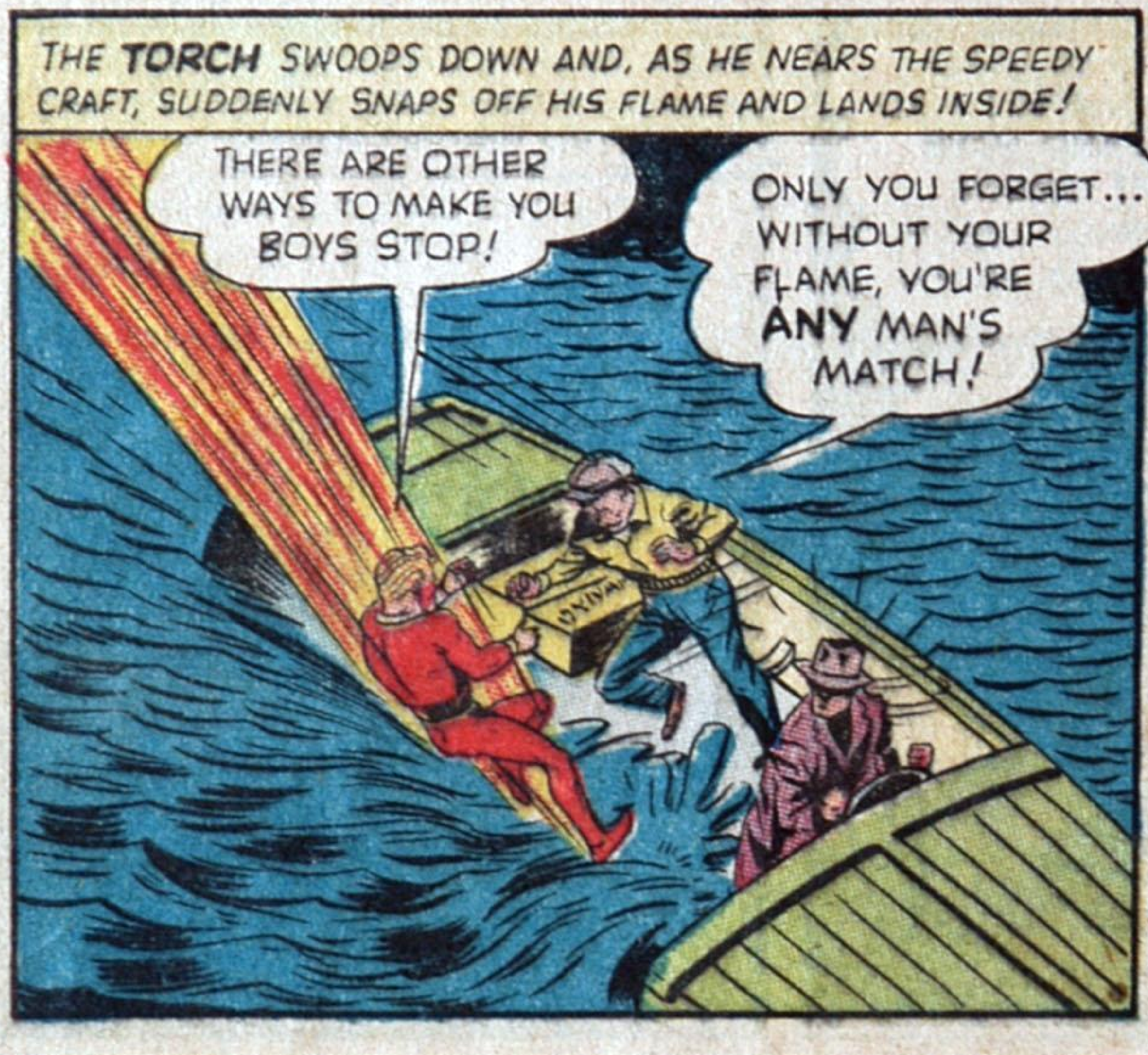
THE HUMAN TORCH AND TORO ARE ASSIGNED TO KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR TROUBLE AROUND THE JENKINS WATERFRONT WAREHOUSE, WHERE TONS OF DYNAMITE ARE BEING SECRETLY STORED, WAITING FOR SHIPMENT TO AN AMERICAN BASE. . . . TO AVERT SUSPICION, ONLY ONE WATCHMAN REMAINS ON GUARD! . . . WHILE PATROLLING, TORCH AND TORO SUDDENLY SEE ---
THE WATCHMAN! HE'S GOING INTO THE DRINK!
SAVE HIM! I'LL ATTEND TO THESE MUGS!
I GOT THE KEYS, BOSS!
GOOD!... LOOK! THE HUMAN TORCH!
ROMO, THE SINISTER LEADER OF THE GANG, COMMANDS HIS MEN . . . .
OPEN THAT WAREHOUSE DOOR! TORCH OR NO TORCH, WE MUST GET THAT DYNAMITE! STALL THEM OFF! KILL THEM!
RIGHT!
HOLD ON, OLD TIMER! I'LL HAVE YOU OUT IN A MINUTE!
OH-OH! THE RATS ARE MAKING FOR THE WAREHOUSE! --WONDER WHAT THEY'RE UP TO?
LEAVING PART OF ROMO'S GANG STREWN ABOUT THE PIER, TORCH RACES INTO THE WAREHOUSE!
GET THAT DYNAMITE OUT AS PLANNED! YOU GUYS HOLD OFF THE TORCH!
WITH WHAT? HE MELTED OUR GUNS WITH FIRE BALLS!
ROMO HEADS FOR TORCH -- A KNIFE GLEAMING IN HAND -- WHILE TWO MEN ESCAPE WITH BOXES OF THE EXPLOSIVE!
?
I'VE STILL GOT A WAY TO STOP HIM! HA! -- SEE, HE'S TURNED OFF HIS FLAME!
ONLY BECAUSE OF THE DYNAMITE, CHUMP!
SEE? I DON'T NEED MY FLAME FOR YOUR TYPE OF INSECT!
SOCK!
MEANWHILE TORO DRAGS THE HALF-DROWNED WATCHMAN ONTO THE PIER!
...WHAT IN? THOSE MEN CAME OUT OF THE WAREHOUSE! ...THEY'RE LOADING THAT BOAT WITH BOXES -- BOXES OF DYNAMITE! WHERE'S THE TORCH? WHY DOESN'T HE STOP THEM? BLAZES! I CAN'T LEAVE THIS GUY HERE TO DIE!

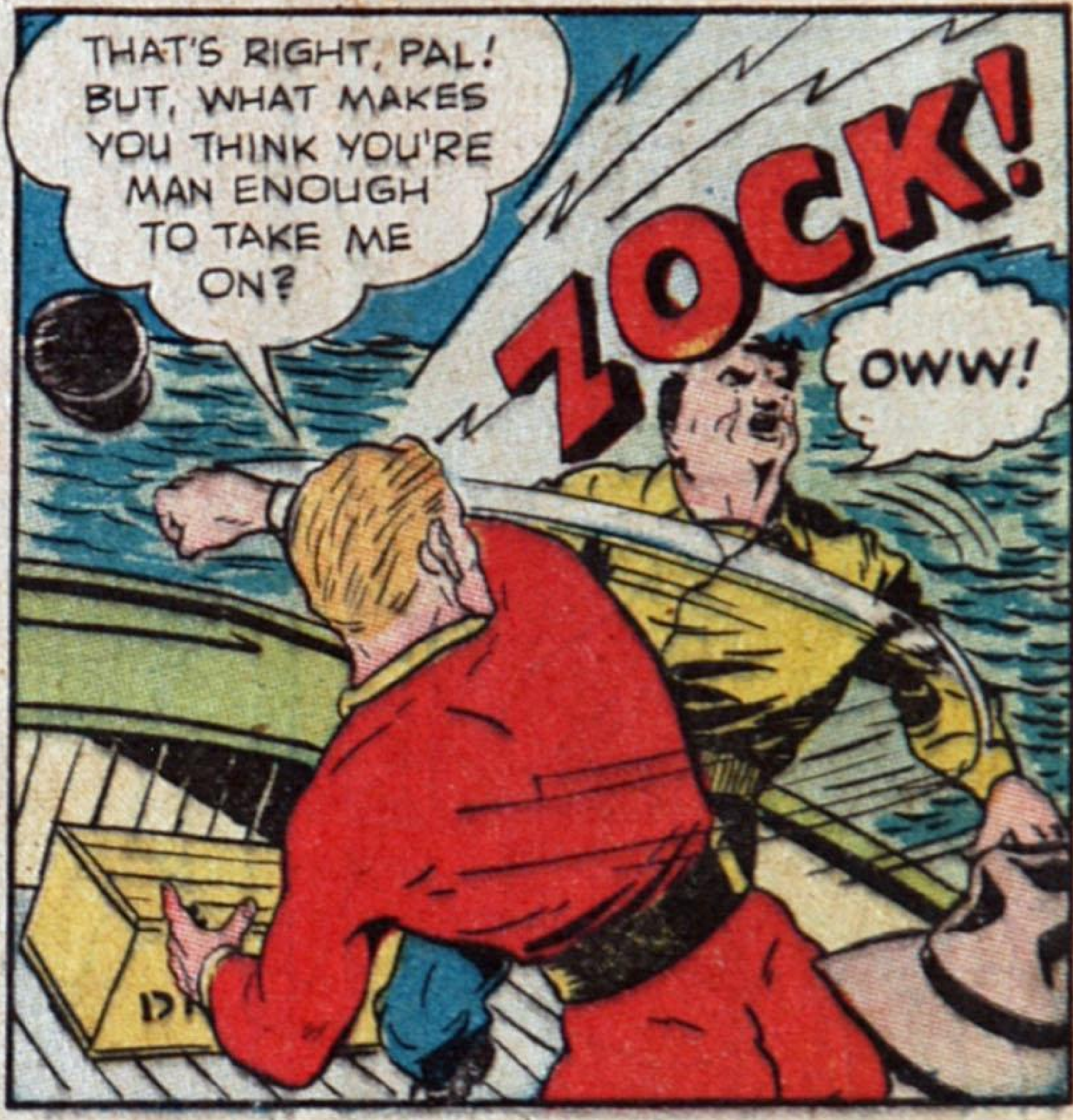
AT THAT MOMENT, THE **TORCH**, WITH FLAME SUBDUED, BATTLES OVERWHELMING ODDS SUCCESSFULLY, WHEN SUDDENLY ---
THAT'LL FIX YOU FOR A WHILE, YOU BROILED **BUTTINSKI**!
UUH!
GOOD! TO THE CAR -- **QUICK!**
WHAM!
HURRY! GET THE CAR STARTED BEFORE THE COPS SHOW UP!
WE SURE TOOK CARE OF THE **TORCH** THAT TIME, BOSS! HA-HA!
A FEW MINUTES LATER!
WHAT A SOCK! ... I'M STILL DIZZY! HEARD THAT ONE-EYED SKUNK MENTION SOMETHING ABOUT A CAR, BEFORE THE LIGHTS WENT OUT! WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO THE DYNAMITE HIS MEN TOOK? ...
DYNAMITE
DYN
WHAT'S IT TO BE USED FOR? ... IT'S SIMPLE! FIND ROMO'S CAR AND HAVE THE ANSWER! C'MON! START BLAZING! WE'RE GOING ON A MAN HUNT!
FLAMING UP, **TORCH** OVERTAKES ROMO'S CAR -- SPEEDING FROM THE DESERTED WATERFRONT!
THAT'S HIS CAR, ALL RIGHT! LUCKY THIS PLACE IS DESERTED! HMM ... ONLY THREE MEN IN THE CAR!
TORCH!
THE **TORCH** STOPS THE CAR WITH A CIRCULAR WALL OF FIRE!
STOP! WE CAN'T GO THROUGH IT!
WE'RE TRAPPED, ROMO!
IT'S A CINCH THE DYNAMITE COULDN'T BE IN THE CAR! IT WOULD HAVE BLOWN UP! THE QUESTION IS -- WHERE'S THE **DYNAMITE?** MY BEST BET NOW IS TO WING BACK TO THE PIER ... THE FIRE-WALL WILL PREVENT ONE-EYE'S ESCAPE!
TORCH! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? TWO GUYS CAME OUT WITH BOXES AND ---
THAT'S ALL I WANTED TO KNOW! **FLAME UP!** WE'RE GOING AFTER THEM!

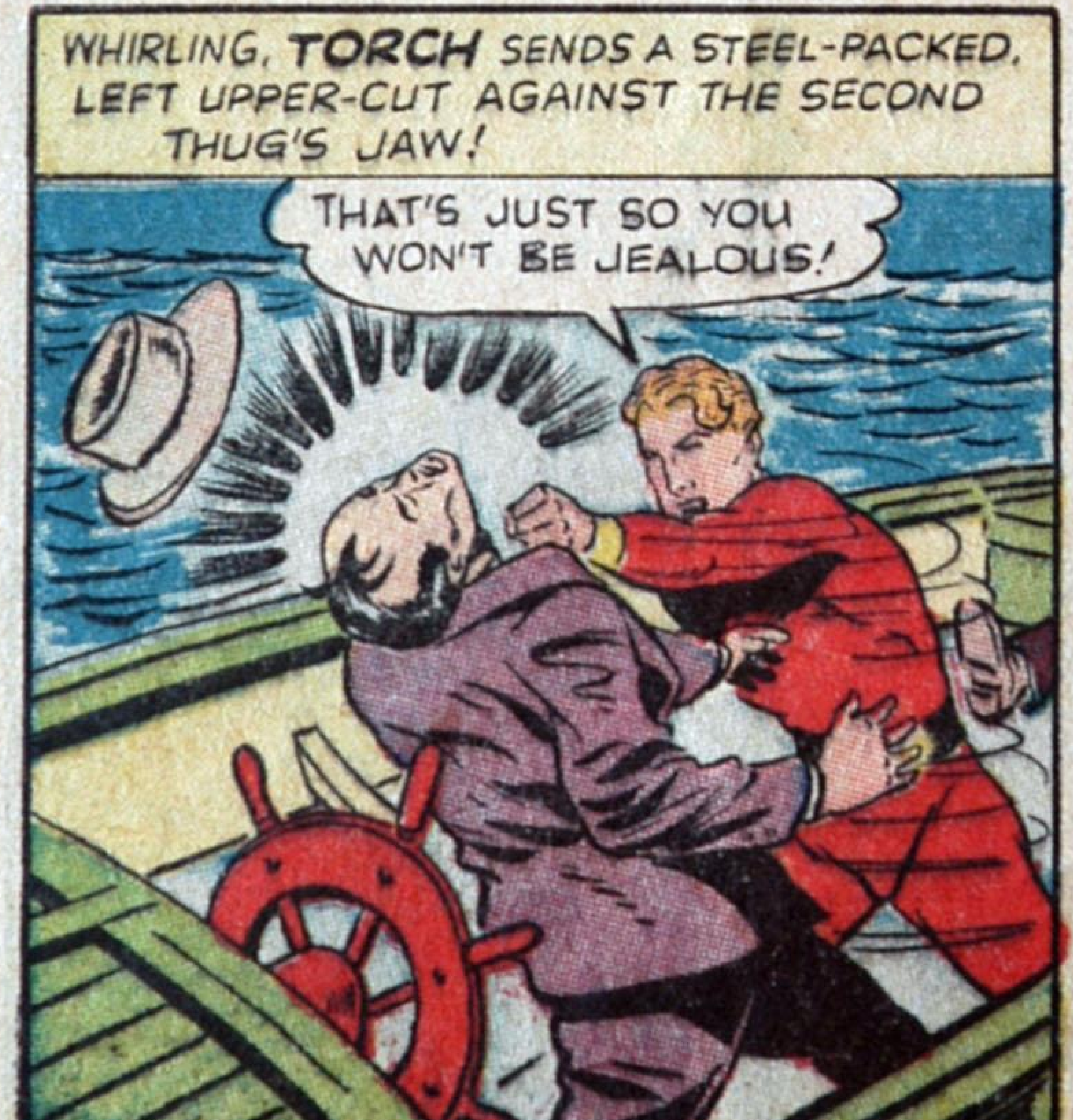

THEY HEADED NORTH IN AN OPEN MOTORBOAT!
SO WILL WE! FASTER, **TORO!** ...CAN'T TELL WHAT THOSE NUTS WILL DO WITH **DYNAMITE!**

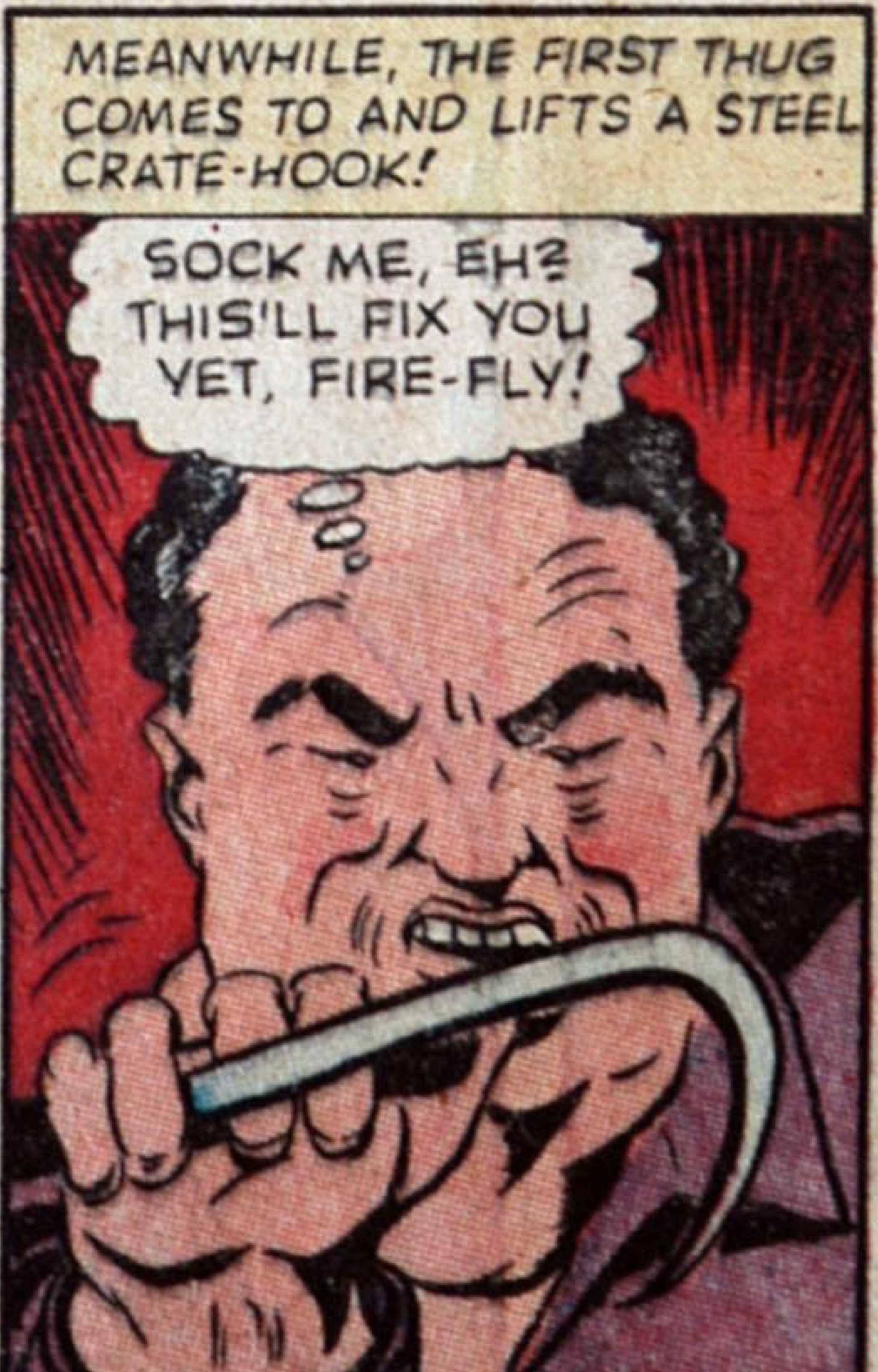

FURTHER UP THE WATERFRONT, **TORO** SPOTS THE GANGSTERS' BOAT!
THERE'S THE BOAT... IN FRONT OF THE FLIGHT CITY PLANE-RADIO WAREHOUSE WE'RE SUPPOSED TO WATCH!
ONE STICK OF DYNAMITE WOULD DESTROY MONTHS OF DEFENSE WORK WE NEED BADLY NOW!

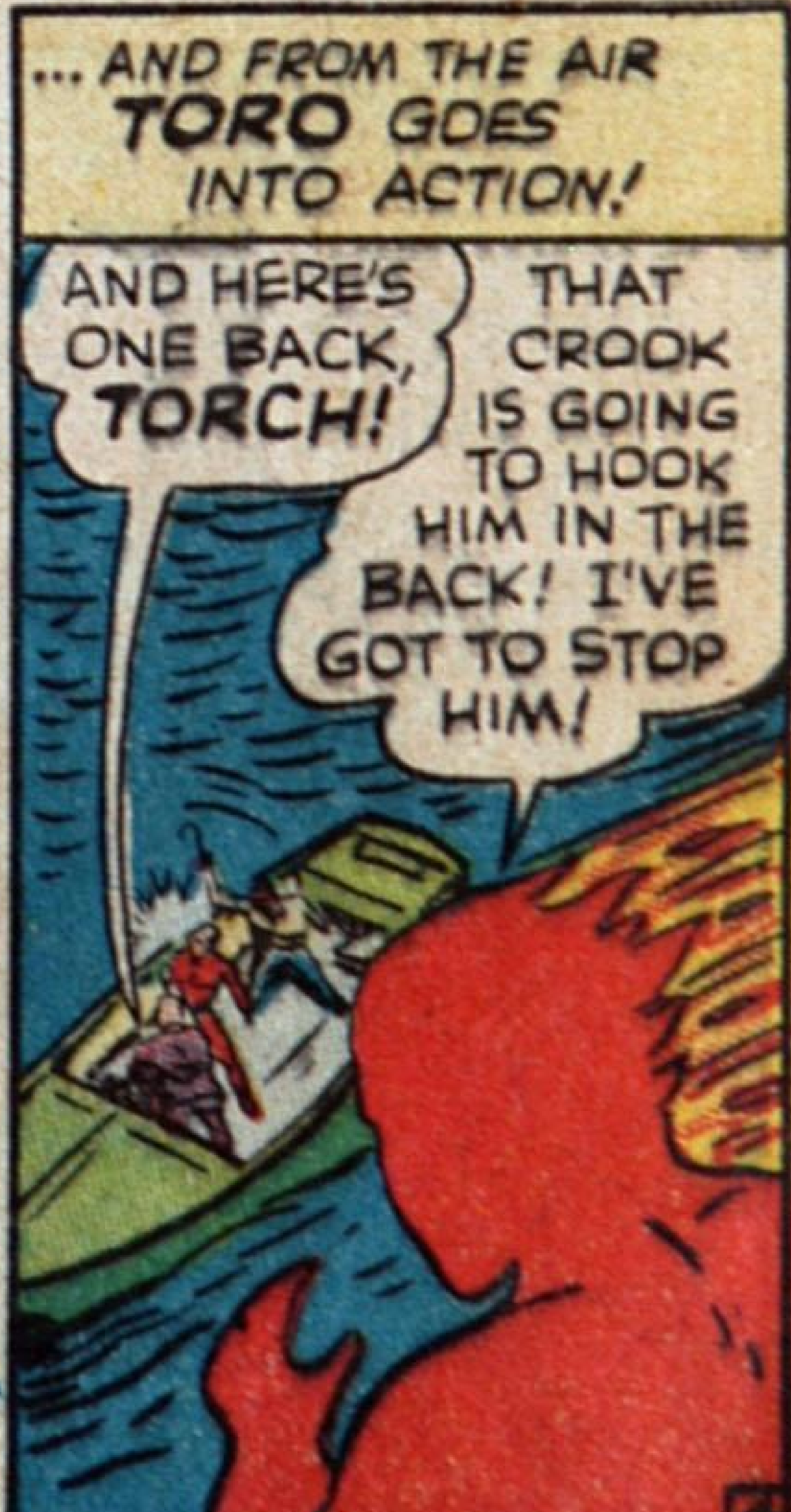

THEY'VE SEEN US! AND THEY'RE HEADING OUT TO SEA!
YEAH? WELL, A COUPLE OF FIRE-BALLS OUGHT TO BE A WARNING **NOT TO!**
?


THE **TORCH** SWOOPS DOWN AND, AS HE NEARS THE SPEEDY CRAFT, SUDDENLY SNAPS OFF HIS FLAME AND LANDS INSIDE!
THERE ARE OTHER WAYS TO MAKE YOU BOYS STOP!
ONLY YOU FORGET... WITHOUT YOUR FLAME, YOU'RE **ANY** MAN'S MATCH!


THAT'S RIGHT, PAL! BUT, WHAT MAKES YOU THINK YOU'RE MAN ENOUGH TO TAKE ME ON?
ZOCK!
OWW!


WHIRLING, **TORCH** SENDS A STEEL-PACKED, LEFT UPPER-CUT AGAINST THE SECOND THUG'S JAW!
THAT'S JUST SO YOU WON'T BE JEALOUS!


MEANWHILE, THE FIRST THUG COMES TO AND LIFTS A STEEL CRATE-HOOK!
SOCK ME, EH? THIS'LL FIX YOU YET, FIRE-FLY!

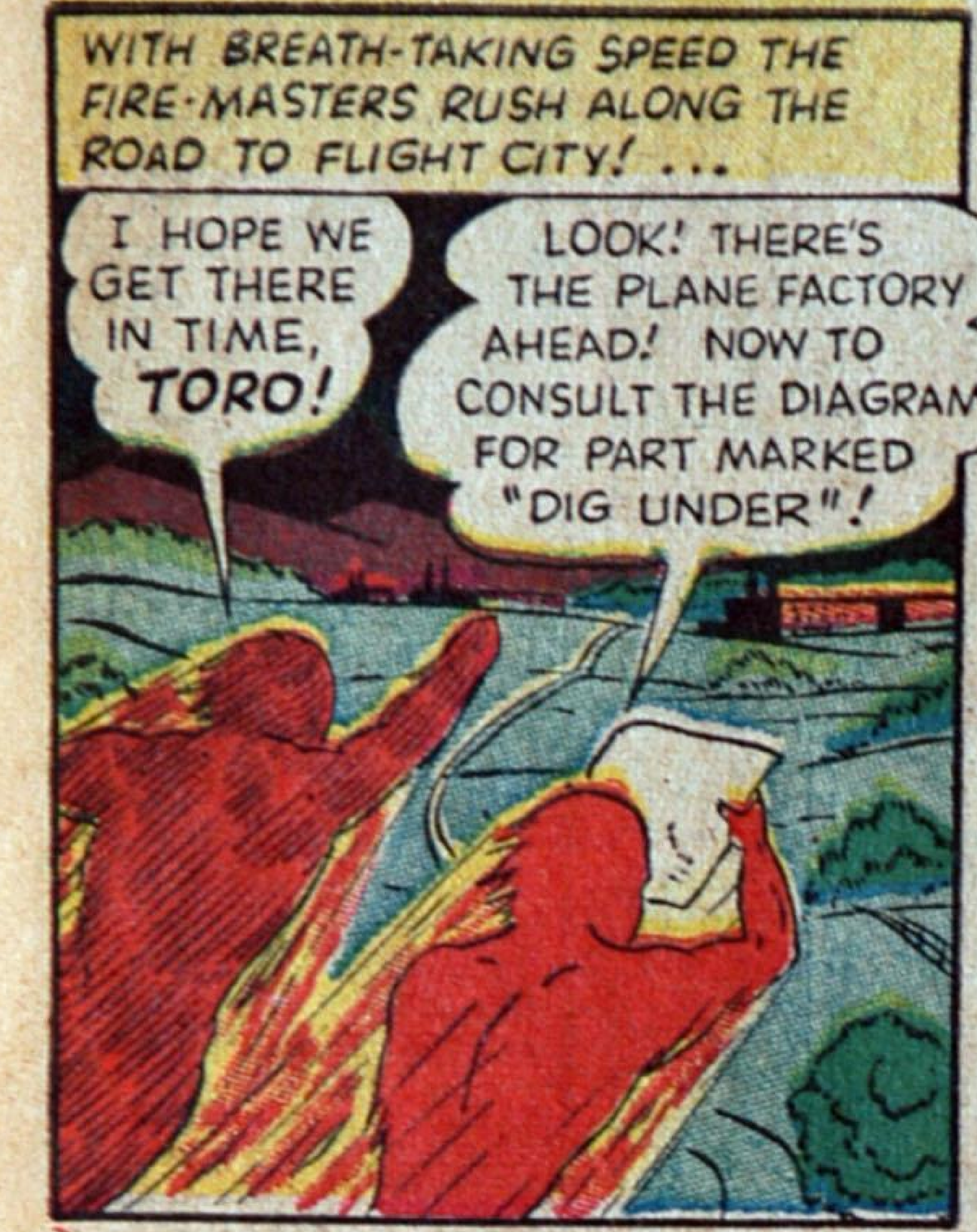

... AND FROM THE AIR **TORO** GOES INTO ACTION!
AND HERE'S ONE BACK, **TORCH!**
THAT CROOK IS GOING TO HOOK HIM IN THE BACK! I'VE GOT TO STOP HIM!

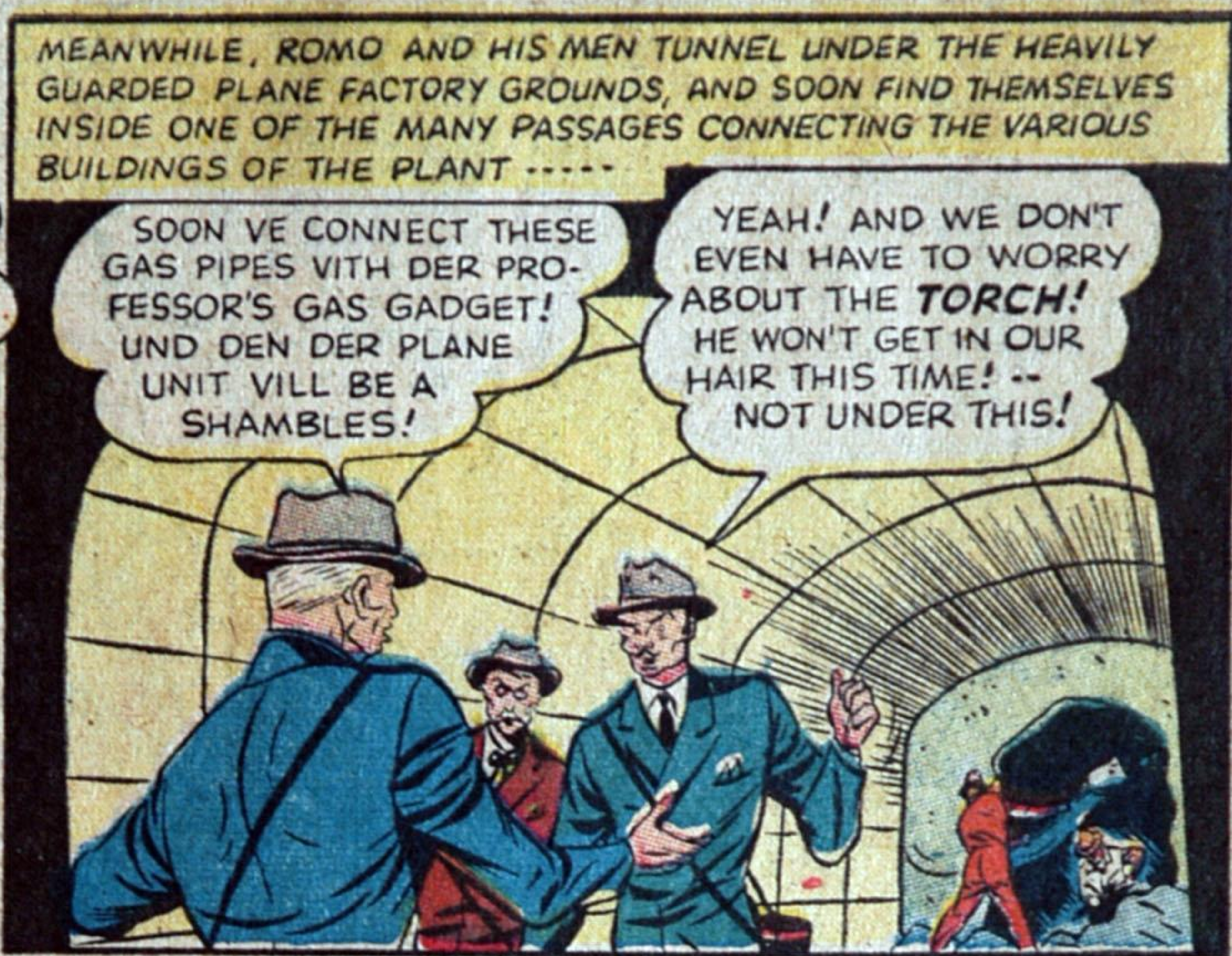
SUDDENLY, FIRE-BALLS ZOOM BETWEEN TORCH AND HIS WOULD-BE ATTACKER!
WHAT IN---
NICE GOING, TORO!
THE FIRE-BALLS FORCE THE THUG BACK TOWARD THE REAR OF THE CRAFT, WHERE THE BOXES OF DYNAMITE ARE!
TORO! STOP! HE'S FORCING THE BALLS NEAR THE EXPLOSIVES!
... BUT THE TORCH'S WARNING IS TOO LATE -- AS THE CROOK CATCHES A FIRE-BALL AND FORCES IT INTO THE CRATE!
MY HAND'S ALMOST BURNED OFF, BUT THEY'LL NEVER TAKE ME ALIVE!
SECONDS LATER, THE FIRE CONTACTS THE PACKED DYNAMITE -- AND -----
BOOM!
THE TORCH! ...I WONDER IF HE---
... NO! THERE HE IS! ARE YOU OKAY, TORCH?
YES, I JUMPED OVERBOARD JUST BEFORE THE FIRE-WORKS! ... THE OTHER TWO WERE CAUGHT IN THE BLAST!
THE TORCH SWIMS TO SHORE...
TOO BAD! I WANTED TO QUESTION THEM! BUT, THEY'RE IN NO POSITION TO DO HARM NOW!
WHAT HAPPENED TO ONE-EYE?
JUMPIN' FIRE-BALLS! I'VE GOT HIM AND HIS PALS TRAPPED IN HIS CAR! I ALMOST FORGOT ABOUT HIM! LET'S GO, TORO!
SECONDS LATER, THE FIRE-MASTERS STREAK DOWN FROM THE SKY -- IN FRONT OF ROMO'S CAR!
TORCH! THE CAR'S EMPTY! ... ROMO AND HIS MEN HAVE ESCAPED!
BUT HOW? THIS WALL OF FIRE WOULD HAVE ROASTED THEM! ... WAIT! I SEE IT ALL NOW!
5

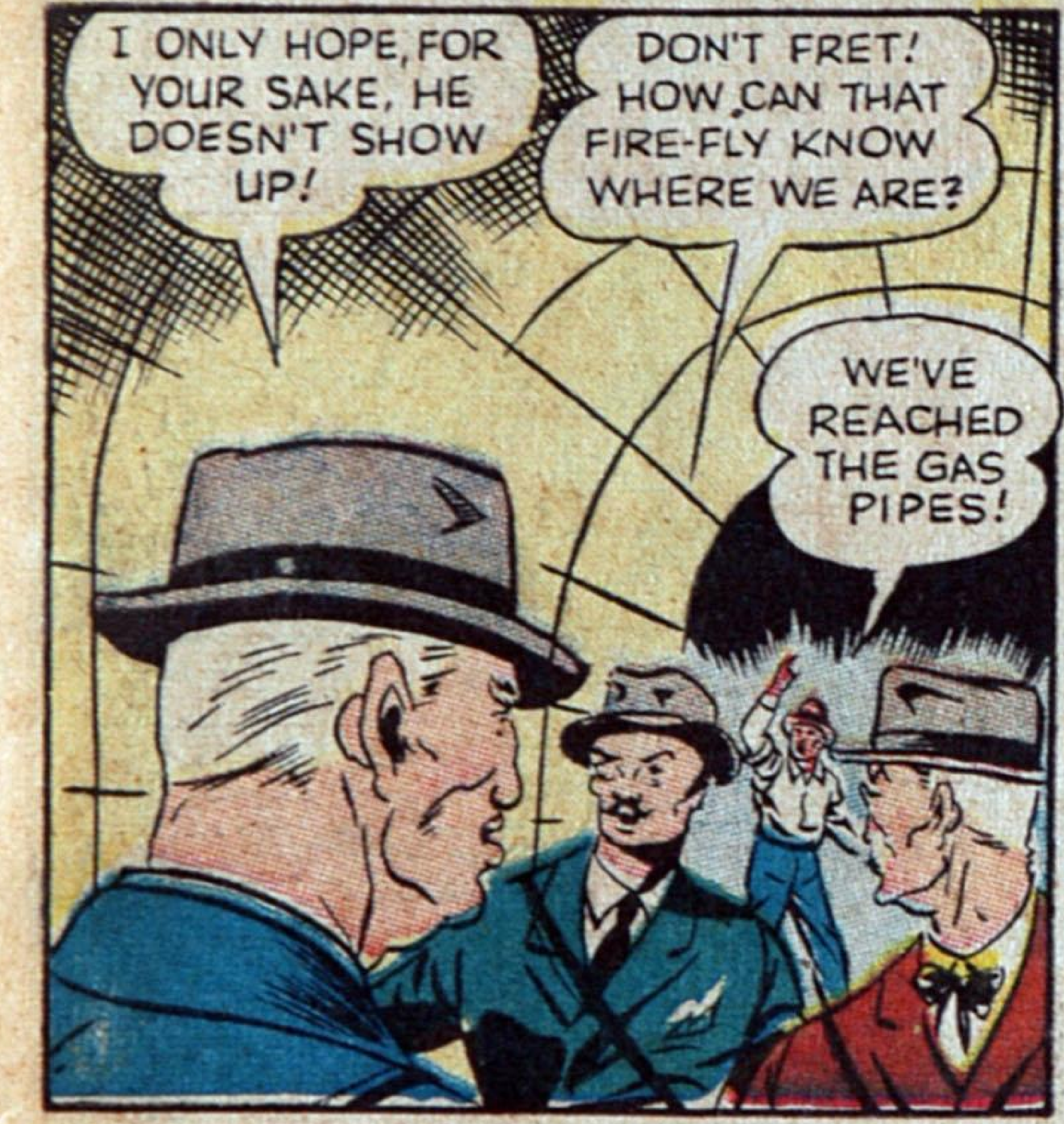
THERE'S THE ANSWER!-- THE FIRE HYDRANT!
MY WALL OF FLAME MUST'VE MELTED THE TOP OFF!
THEN THE WATER FLOWED UNDER IT, AND ROMO AND HIS MEN WET THEIR CLOTHES AND JUST SCRAMMED! WHAT A BREAK FOR THEM!
...IF YOU ASK ME, ROMO IS ONLY A STOOGE FOR SOME BIGGIE ON TOP! ... THE ATTEMPTED DYNAMITING OF THE RADIO WAREHOUSE WAS ONLY TO THROW US OFF THE MAIN TRACK! BESIDES, IF ROMO WERE THE HEAD MAN, HE'D NEVER EXPOSE HIMSELF AS HE DID!
YES... BUT WHAT'S OUR NEXT MOVE?
GUARD THE WAREHOUSE! ... ROMO STILL NEEDS DYNAMITE! AND SINCE HE HAS THE KEYS, HE'LL COME BACK THERE!
I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT, TORCH!
MEANWHILE... IN ROMO'S HIDEOUT, BRUKK, A NAZI SPY, WARNS ROMO! ...
UND IF YOU FAIL TO GET DER DYNAMITE TONIGHT, ROMO, I VILL GIFF YOU TORTURE No.8!
NO-NO! NOT THAT! VON BRUKK! I'LL GET IT!
LISTEN, MEN ... WE MUST GET THAT DYNAMITE TONIGHT, IF WE'RE TO CARRY OUT VON BRUKK'S SECOND PLAN! IF TORCH INTERFERES, YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!
RIGHT, ROMO!
That Night.. ROMO'S GANG CARRIES OUT ITS DESPERATE PLAN!
THROW THAT LIGHTED FUSE AT THE DYNAMITE! THEN LOCK THE DOOR AND RUN!
LOOK! ... ROMO, -- THE TORCH!
I MUST STOP THAT FUSE, ALTHOUGH THE WAREHOUSE IS BOMBPROOF!
WITH HIS FLAME ON, TORCH MELTS THROUGH THE MASSIVE STEEL DOOR JUST LOCKED BY ROMO...
ONLY LIGHTNING SPEED CAN STOP THE UTTER DESTRUCTION OF THE PRESENT DYNAMITE SUPPLY!

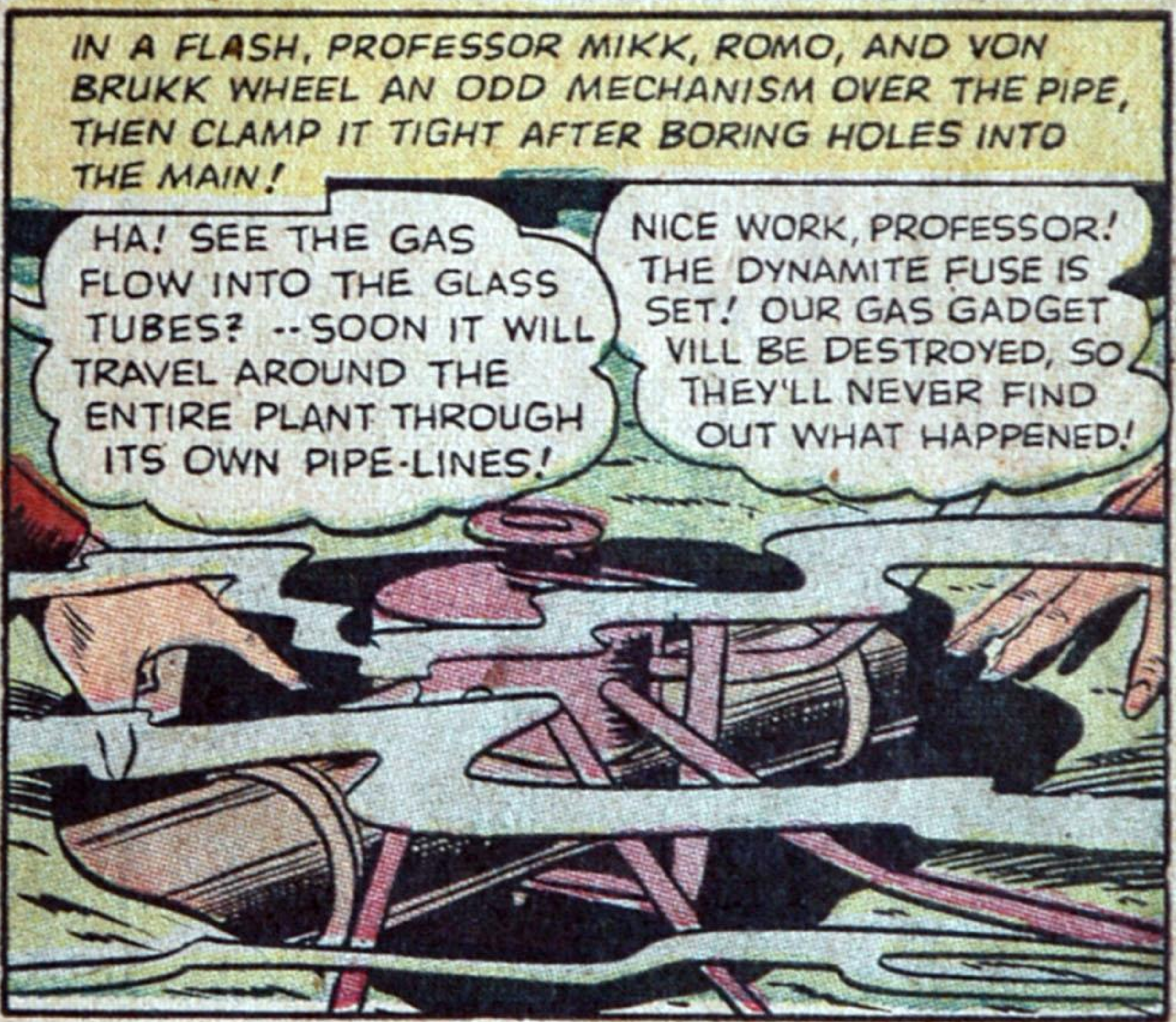
...AND, TURNING OFF HIS FLAME AT THE LAST POSSIBLE INSTANT, TORCH SEIZES THE BURNING FUSE JUST AS IT IS ABOUT TO REACH A BIG BOX OF DYNAMITE!
WHEW! I HEADED THAT ONE OFF!
DYN
A SAFE DISTANCE AWAY, ROMO LISTENS FOR THE EXPECTED EXPLOSION!
HA! ONLY SECONDS TO GO BEFORE THE TORCH AND THE WAREHOUSE ARE BLOWN SKY HIGH!
LOOK! ROMO! THE TORCH MELTED THROUGH THE STEEL DOOR! HE'S INSIDE!
MAKE SURE HE CAN'T GET OUT BEFORE THE EXPLOSION! THROW THE HAND GRENADE IN THE DOORWAY TO BLOCK HIM! HE'S CAUGHT! HE TURNS OFF HIS FLAME! HE EXPLODES! EITHER WAY, HE'S A LOSER!
HERE GOES, ROMO!
UH-OH, HERE IT COMES! A PILL!
WITH AMAZING SPEED, TORO STREAKS AFTER THE POWERFUL HAND-GRENADE!...
GOT IT!
... AND HURLS IT BACK AT THE NOW SCATTERING GANG!. --AS TORCH COMES OUT OF THE MELTED DOOR...
TOO BAD! A COUPLE OF THEM ESCAPED!
WE'LL GET THE REST OF THEM IN TIME!
BOOM!
... A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE POLICE ARRIVE!
WHAT A MESS! ... WELL, GUESS THAT SETTLES ROMO'S MOB!
NOT QUITE! SOME OF THEM GOT AWAY!
LOOK! SOMETHING IS STICKING OUT OF THAT GUY'S POCKET --IT'S A BLUEPRINT! ...NOW WHY WOULD A CROOK CARRY A BLUEPRINT?

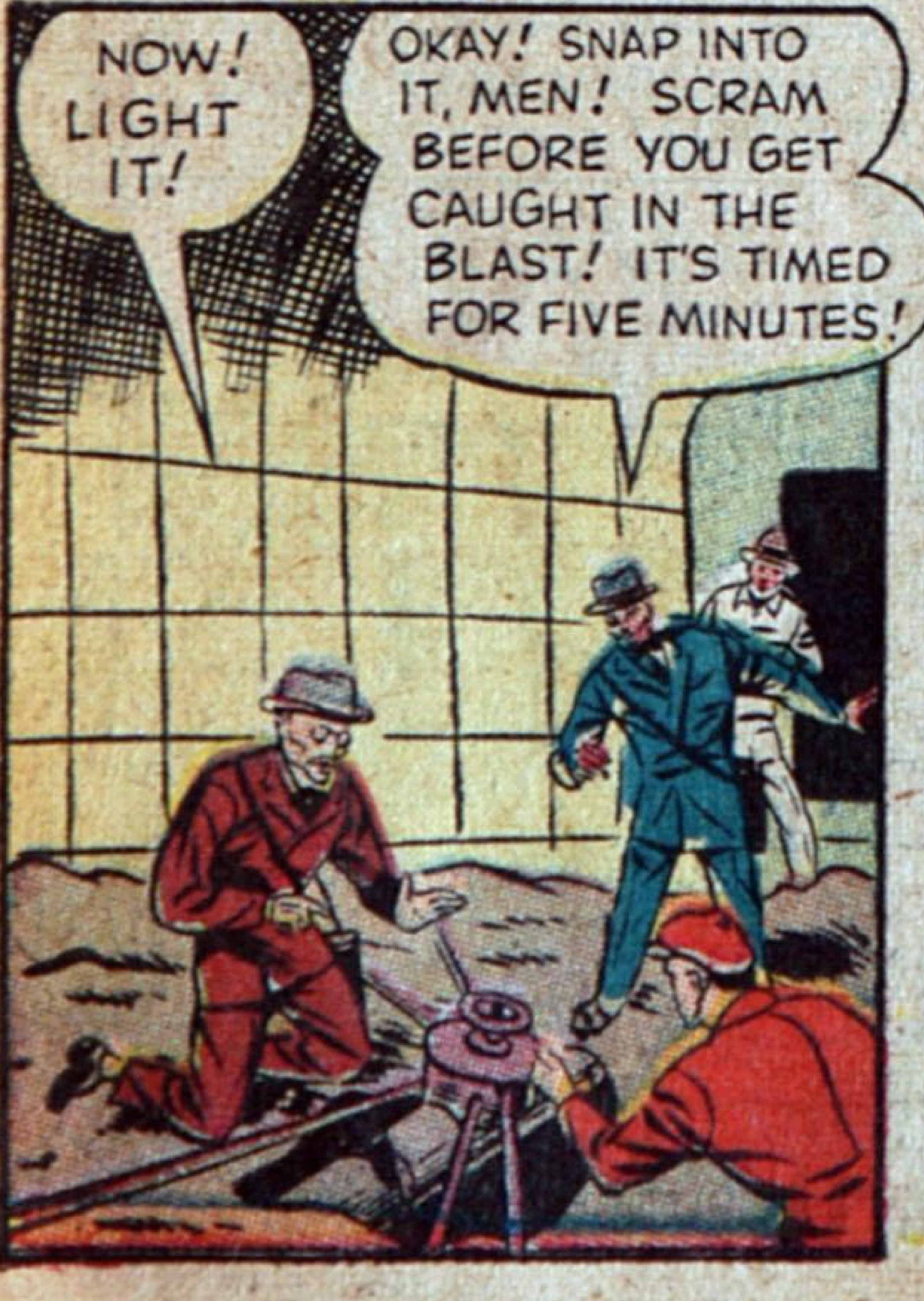
TORCH QUICKLY SCANS THE BLUEPRINT . . .
BLAZES! A PERFECT MAP OF THE FLIGHT CITY PLANE COMPANY. IT EVEN SHOWS GAS MAINS! WONDER WHY?
THAT'S ODD! WHEN A CROOK CARRIES A THING LIKE THAT, UNLESS--
DIG UNDER HERE
. . . BLAST IT! TORO, THAT'S WHY THEY'RE AFTER THE DYNAMITE-- FOR THE PLANE FACTORY!
WELL, ROMO'S DEAD! NOW IT'S TIME FOR THE HEAD MAN TO TAKE OVER!
NOT QUITE, TORO! EVEN THOUGH WE CAN'T TELL WHO WAS CAUGHT IN THE GRENADE INCIDENT, A COUPLE OF THEM ESCAPED! ROMO MIGHT BE ONE OF THEM!
YES, ROMO AND ANOTHER GANGSTER DID MANAGE TO ESCAPE DEATH AND NOW CARRY AWAY TWO BOXES OF DYNAMITE FROM THE REAR OF THE WAREHOUSE!
IT'S A GOOD THING WE FOUND THIS REAR ENTRANCE UNGUARDED AND---
CUT THE CHATTER AND GET THIS STUFF INTO THE CAR!
LATER, AFTER TURNING THE STOLEN DYNAMITE OVER TO VON BRUKK, ROMO RECEIVES AN EXPECTED VISITOR AT HIS SECRET HIDEOUT!
THE TORCH IS MAKING THINGS TOO HOT FOR ME! IT'S EITHER HIM OR ME!
AH, PROFESSOR MIKK! COME IN!
HELLO, ROMO!
THE PROFESSOR SHOWS ROMO AN UNUSUAL INVENTION OF HIS.
. . . A GAS APPARATUS WHICH WILL BE VERY USEFUL TO CARRY OUT VON BRUKK'S PLAN, EH, ROMO?
AH, YES! JUST WHAT WE NEED, PROFESSOR! VERY GOOD!
VON BRUKK IS WAITING FOR ME! YOU'LL COME ALONG, PROFESSOR MIKK! WE'VE VERY LITTLE TIME TO WASTE!
MEANWHILE, AT THE JENKIN'S WAREHOUSE, AN INVESTIGATION IS IN PROGRESS. THE MANAGER GIVES TORCH STARTLING NEWS.
I'VE PERSONALLY CHECKED THE STOCK! THERE ARE TWO CASES MISSING!
TORO, THOSE MEN THAT GOT AWAY-- THEY---
I GET YOU! WE TIE UP THE MISSING DYNAMITE WITH THE BLUEPRINT AND THAT'S OUR CLUE ON THEIR NEXT MOVE! WE CAN'T LOSE A MINUTE!

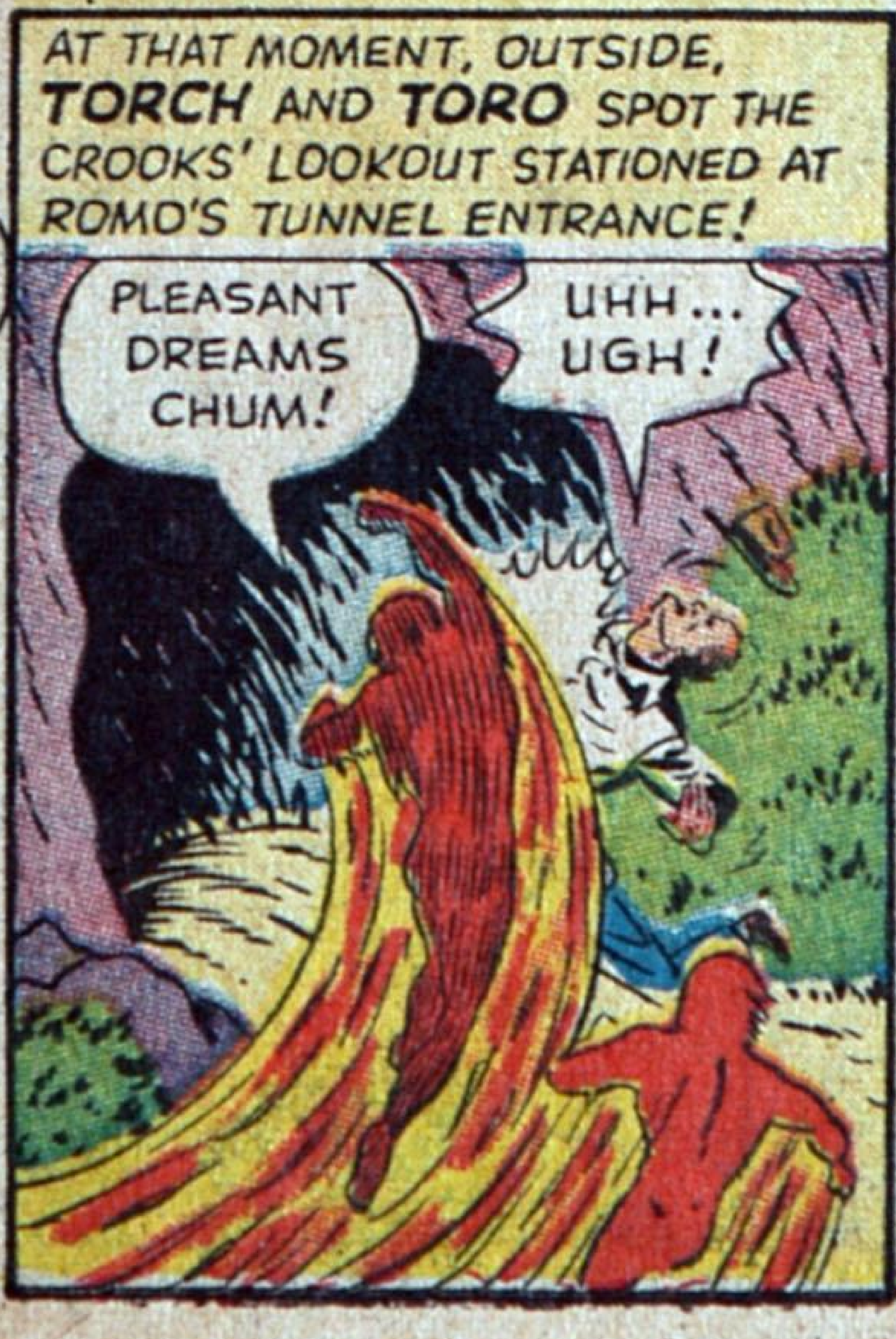

WITH BREATH-TAKING SPEED THE FIRE-MASTERS RUSH ALONG THE ROAD TO FLIGHT CITY! ...
I HOPE WE GET THERE IN TIME, **TORO**!
LOOK! THERE'S THE PLANE FACTORY AHEAD! NOW TO CONSULT THE DIAGRAM FOR PART MARKED "DIG UNDER"!

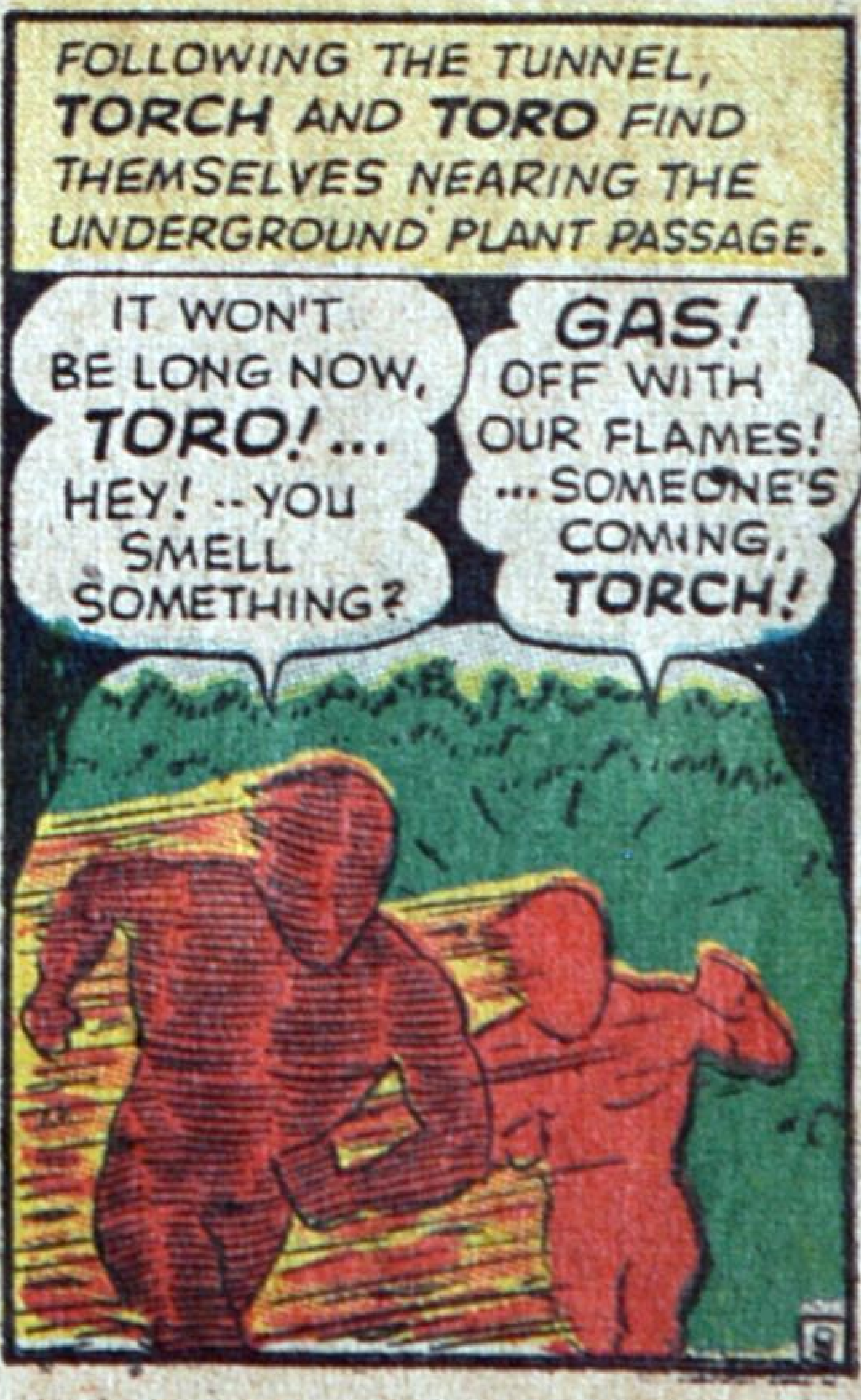

MEANWHILE, ROMO AND HIS MEN TUNNEL UNDER THE HEAVILY GUARDED PLANE FACTORY GROUNDS, AND SOON FIND THEMSELVES INSIDE ONE OF THE MANY PASSAGES CONNECTING THE VARIOUS BUILDINGS OF THE PLANT -----
SOON VE CONNECT THESE GAS PIPES VITH DER PROFESSOR'S GAS GADGET! UND DEN DER PLANE UNIT VILL BE A SHAMBLES!
YEAH! AND WE DON'T EVEN HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THE **TORCH**! HE WON'T GET IN OUR HAIR THIS TIME! -- NOT UNDER THIS!


I ONLY HOPE, FOR YOUR SAKE, HE DOESN'T SHOW UP!
DON'T FRET! HOW CAN THAT FIRE-FLY KNOW WHERE WE ARE?
WE'VE REACHED THE GAS PIPES!

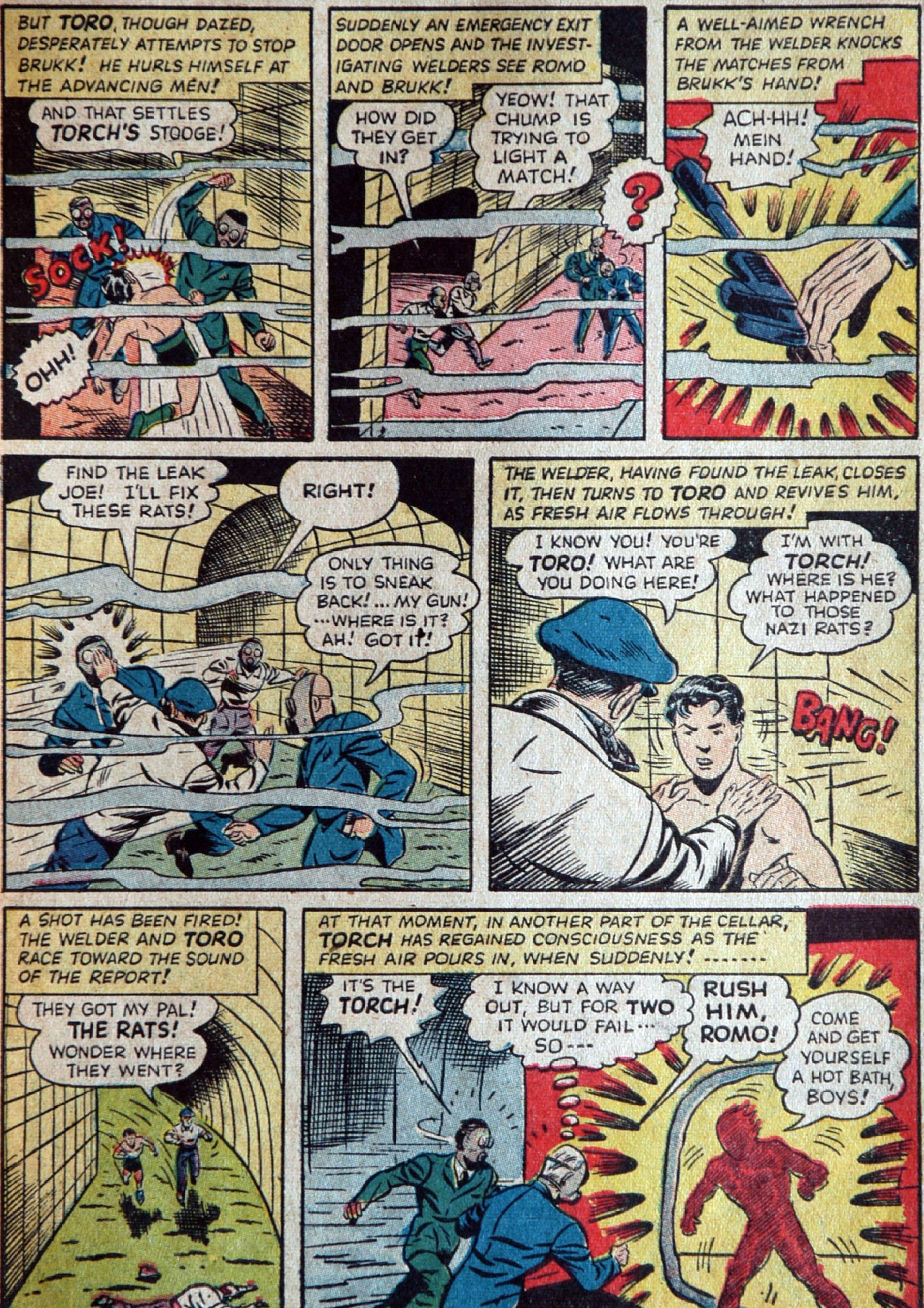

IN A FLASH, PROFESSOR MIKK, ROMO, AND VON BRUKK WHEEL AN ODD MECHANISM OVER THE PIPE, THEN CLAMP IT TIGHT AFTER BORING HOLES INTO THE MAIN!
HA! SEE THE GAS FLOW INTO THE GLASS TUBES? --SOON IT WILL TRAVEL AROUND THE ENTIRE PLANT THROUGH ITS OWN PIPE-LINES!
NICE WORK, PROFESSOR! THE DYNAMITE FUSE IS SET! OUR GAS GADGET VILL BE DESTROYED, SO THEY'LL NEVER FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED!


NOW! LIGHT IT!
OKAY! SNAP INTO IT, MEN! SCRAM BEFORE YOU GET CAUGHT IN THE BLAST! IT'S TIMED FOR FIVE MINUTES!


AT THAT MOMENT, OUTSIDE, **TORCH** AND **TORO** SPOT THE CROOKS' LOOKOUT STATIONED AT ROMO'S TUNNEL ENTRANCE!
PLEASANT DREAMS CHUM!
UHH... UGH!


FOLLOWING THE TUNNEL, **TORCH** AND **TORO** FIND THEMSELVES NEARING THE UNDERGROUND PLANT PASSAGE.
IT WON'T BE LONG NOW, **TORO**!... HEY! --YOU SMELL SOMETHING?
GAS! OFF WITH OUR FLAMES! ...SOMEONE'S COMING, **TORCH**!

LOOK! THE **TORCH** AND **TORO**!... HOW IN ---
NEVER MIND! CHARGE INTO THEM! WE MUST ESCAPE!
HURRY! THE FUSE-- IT MIGHT EXPLODE! WE'LL ALL BE KILLED!
TORCH! LOOK WHO'S HERE! --- VON BRUKK!
VON BRUKK, EH? NAZI AGENT NO. 1! SO HE'S THE BIG SHOT, EH, ROMO?
SILENCE, FOOL! IT ISS BETTER TO DIE FOR DER CAUSE DEN ...
THERE'LL BE NO GUN-PLAY, VON BRUKK!
I-I-I-- DON'T WANT TO DIE!
THEN TALK FAST! WHERE'S THE FUSE!
AT THE END OF THE CORRIDOR!
WITH AMAZING SPEED **TORO** REACHES THE OCTOPUS GAS-FUSE OVER THE MAIN AND EXTINGUISHES THE FLAME BUT ACCIDENTALLY STEPS ON SEVERAL OF THE GLASS TUBES, AND--
BLAZES! WHAT HAVE I DONE?
GAS IS POURING IN AND I DON'T KNOW HOW TO STOP IT! ... I'M GETTING WEAK!
AT THAT MOMENT..... IN THE WELDING DEPARTMENT OF THE PLANE PLANT! ...
HEY, BOSS! OUR TORCHES HAVE LOST THEIR JUICE!
MUST BE A LEAK IN THE GAS PIPE! GRAB A COUPLE OF GAS-MASKS AND LET'S PLUG IT! OUR WORK IS TOO IMPORTANT!
MEANWHILE, IN THE CELLAR BELOW, VON BRUKK AND ROMO, PREPARED FOR SUCH AN EMERGENCY, DON THEIR MASKS AND RUSH THE GAS-DAZED **TORCH**! ...
NOW IT'S OUR TURN! HOW'S THIS?
HA! THE OTHERS ARE DYING! WE HAVE WON, ROMO! NOW WE CAN RE-LIGHT THE FUSE!


BUT TORO, THOUGH DAZED, DESPERATELY ATTEMPTS TO STOP BRUKK! HE HURLS HIMSELF AT THE ADVANCING MEN!
AND THAT SETTLES TORCH'S STOOGE!
SOCK!
OHH!
SUDDENLY AN EMERGENCY EXIT DOOR OPENS AND THE INVESTIGATING WELDERS SEE ROMO AND BRUKK!
HOW DID THEY GET IN?
YEOW! THAT CHUMP IS TRYING TO LIGHT A MATCH!
?
A WELL-AIMED WRENCH FROM THE WELDER KNOCKS THE MATCHES FROM BRUKK'S HAND!
ACH-HH! MEIN HAND!
FIND THE LEAK JOE! I'LL FIX THESE RATS!
RIGHT!
ONLY THING IS TO SNEAK BACK! ... MY GUN! ... WHERE IS IT? AH! GOT IT!
THE WELDER, HAVING FOUND THE LEAK, CLOSES IT, THEN TURNS TO TORO AND REVIVES HIM, AS FRESH AIR FLOWS THROUGH!
I KNOW YOU! YOU'RE TORO! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE!
I'M WITH TORCH! WHERE IS HE? WHAT HAPPENED TO THOSE NAZI RATS?
BANG!
A SHOT HAS BEEN FIRED! THE WELDER AND TORO RACE TOWARD THE SOUND OF THE REPORT!
THEY GOT MY PAL! THE RATS! WONDER WHERE THEY WENT?
AT THAT MOMENT, IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CELLAR, TORCH HAS REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS AS THE FRESH AIR POURS IN, WHEN SUDDENLY! -------
IT'S THE TORCH!
I KNOW A WAY OUT, BUT FOR TWO IT WOULD FAIL ... SO ---
RUSH HIM, ROMO!
COME AND GET YOURSELF A HOT BATH, BOYS!
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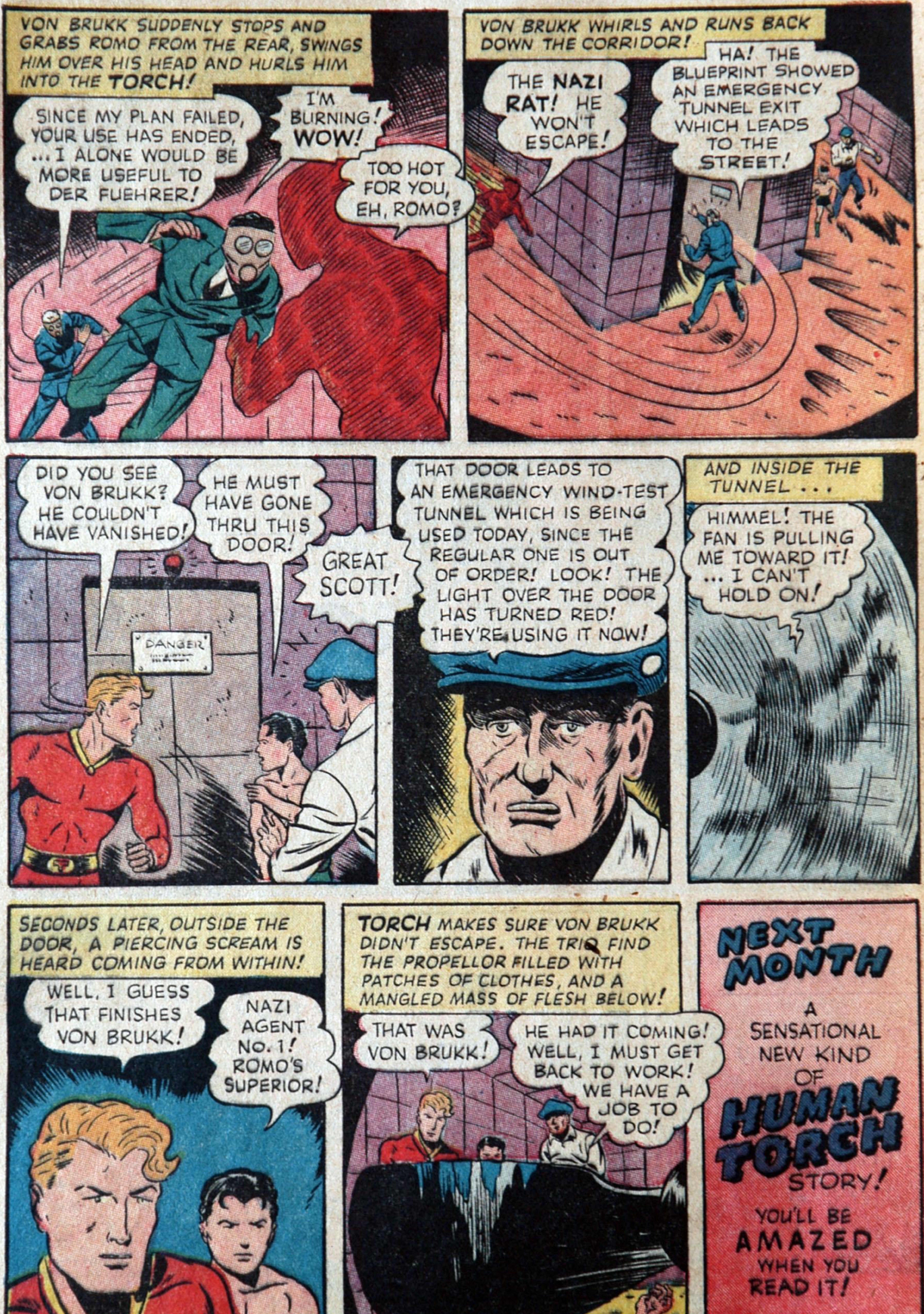
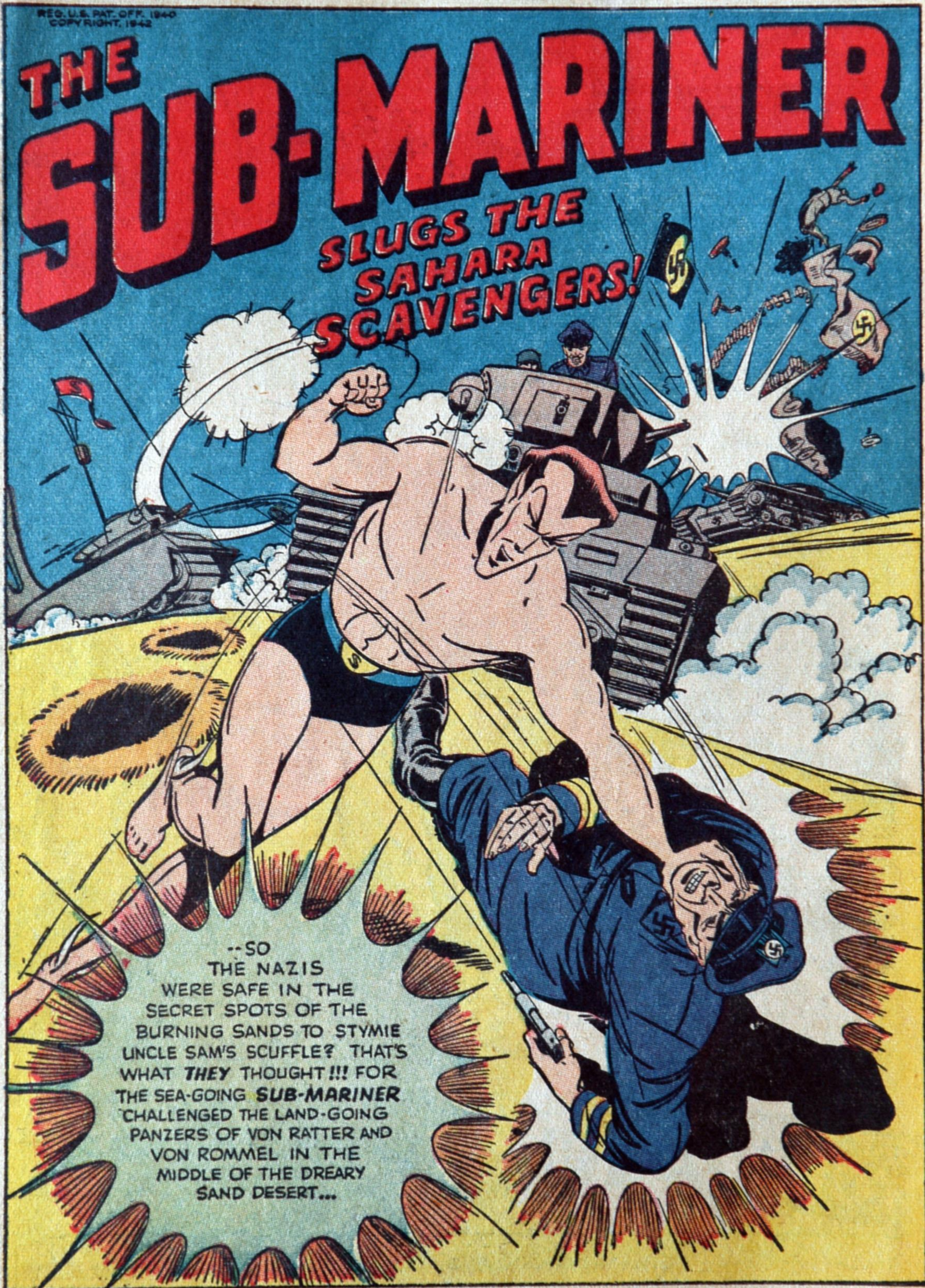

VON BRUKK SUDDENLY STOPS AND GRABS ROMO FROM THE REAR, SWINGS HIM OVER HIS HEAD AND HURLS HIM INTO THE TORCH!
SINCE MY PLAN FAILED, YOUR USE HAS ENDED, ... I ALONE WOULD BE MORE USEFUL TO DER FUEHRER!
I'M BURNING! WOW!
TOO HOT FOR YOU, EH, ROMO?
VON BRUKK WHIRLS AND RUNS BACK DOWN THE CORRIDOR!
THE NAZI RAT! HE WON'T ESCAPE!
HA! THE BLUEPRINT SHOWED AN EMERGENCY TUNNEL EXIT WHICH LEADS TO THE STREET!
DID YOU SEE VON BRUKK? HE COULDN'T HAVE VANISHED!
HE MUST HAVE GONE THRU THIS DOOR!
GREAT SCOTT!
DANGER
THAT DOOR LEADS TO AN EMERGENCY WIND-TEST TUNNEL WHICH IS BEING USED TODAY, SINCE THE REGULAR ONE IS OUT OF ORDER! LOOK! THE LIGHT OVER THE DOOR HAS TURNED RED! THEY'RE USING IT NOW!
AND INSIDE THE TUNNEL . . .
HIMMEL! THE FAN IS PULLING ME TOWARD IT! ... I CAN'T HOLD ON!
SECONDS LATER, OUTSIDE THE DOOR, A PIERCING SCREAM IS HEARD COMING FROM WITHIN!
WELL, I GUESS THAT FINISHES VON BRUKK!
NAZI AGENT No. 1! ROMO'S SUPERIOR!
TORCH MAKES SURE VON BRUKK DIDN'T ESCAPE. THE TRIO FIND THE PROPELLOR FILLED WITH PATCHES OF CLOTHES, AND A MANGLED MASS OF FLESH BELOW!
THAT WAS VON BRUKK!
HE HAD IT COMING! WELL, I MUST GET BACK TO WORK! WE HAVE A JOB TO DO!
NEXT MONTH
A SENSATIONAL NEW KIND OF
HUMAN TORCH
STORY!
YOU'LL BE AMAZED WHEN YOU READ IT!

HERE IT COMES!
Krazy Komics
BIG NEW
POSTY PELICAN
THE ENEMY HAS BEEN SIGHTED AND THEY PROBABLY WILL ATTACK AT THIS POINT...
THEY'RE APPWOACHING!
GUS THE GNOME
I'LL GET THOSE JAPANESE BEETLES FOR THIS!
WE TOO, POP!
OH MY BABY, SOB!
BALDY
MY MOMMA DONE TOLD ME, MY MOMMA...
LITTLE PAN
OH YEAH!
ZIGGY PIG
YIPE!
SNAPPY
I NEVER TRIES TO CONVINCE DOPES... BUT THIS IS WHAT I MADE BY NOT GOIN' TO SCHOOL!
WHEW-W-W-W!
CHESTER CHIPMONK
PLUS MANY OTHER SPARKLING FEATURES!
STRAIGHT FROM AMERICA'S GREATEST
ANIMATORS TO YOU!
GET YOUR COPY TODAY!!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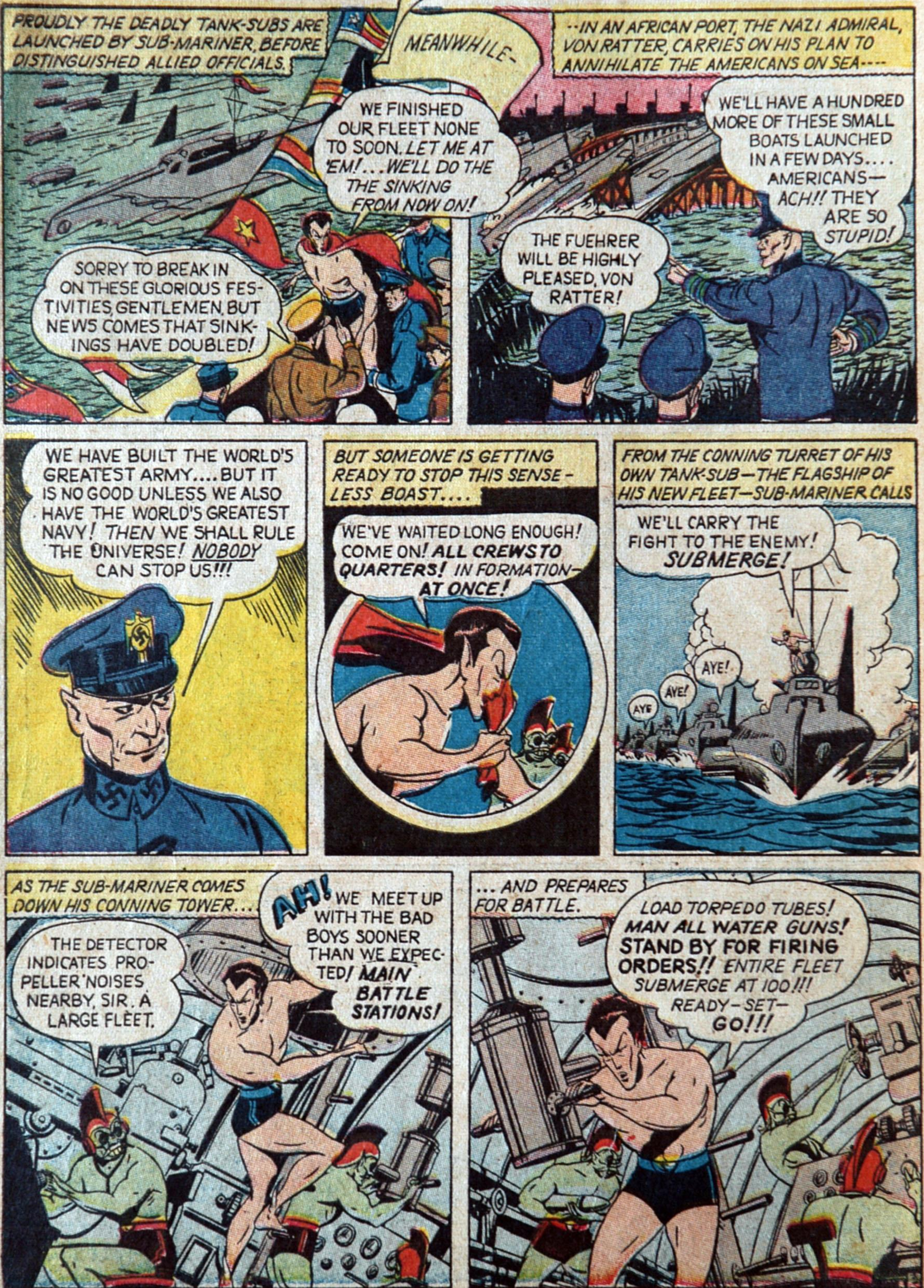
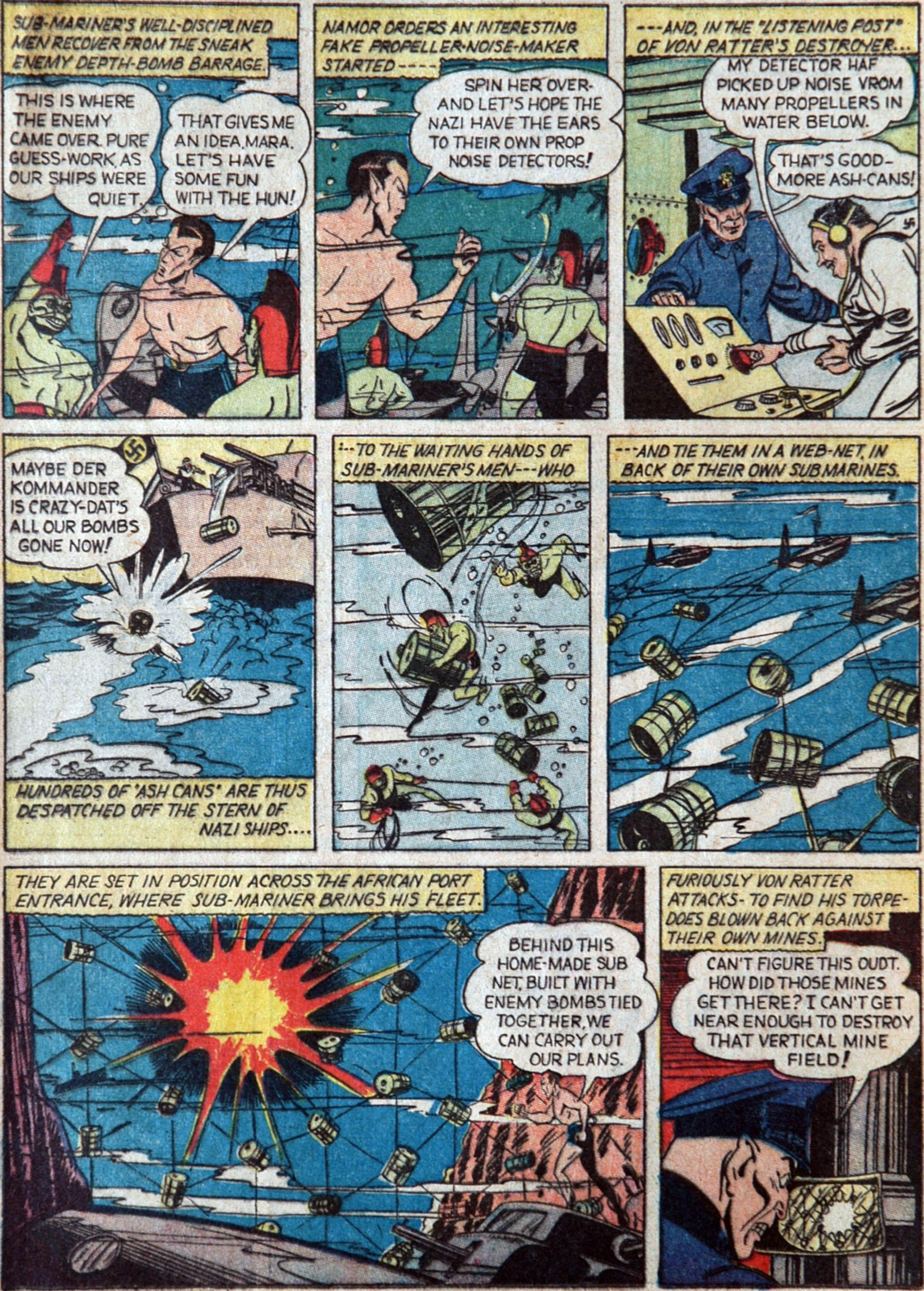
THE SUB-MARINER
SLUGS THE SAHARA SCAVENGERS!
--SO THE NAZIS WERE SAFE IN THE SECRET SPOTS OF THE BURNING SANDS TO STYMIE UNCLE SAM'S SCUFFLE? THAT'S WHAT THEY THOUGHT!!! FOR THE SEA-GOING SUB-MARINER CHALLENGED THE LAND-GOING PANZERS OF VON RATTER AND VON ROMMEL IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DREARY SAND DESERT...

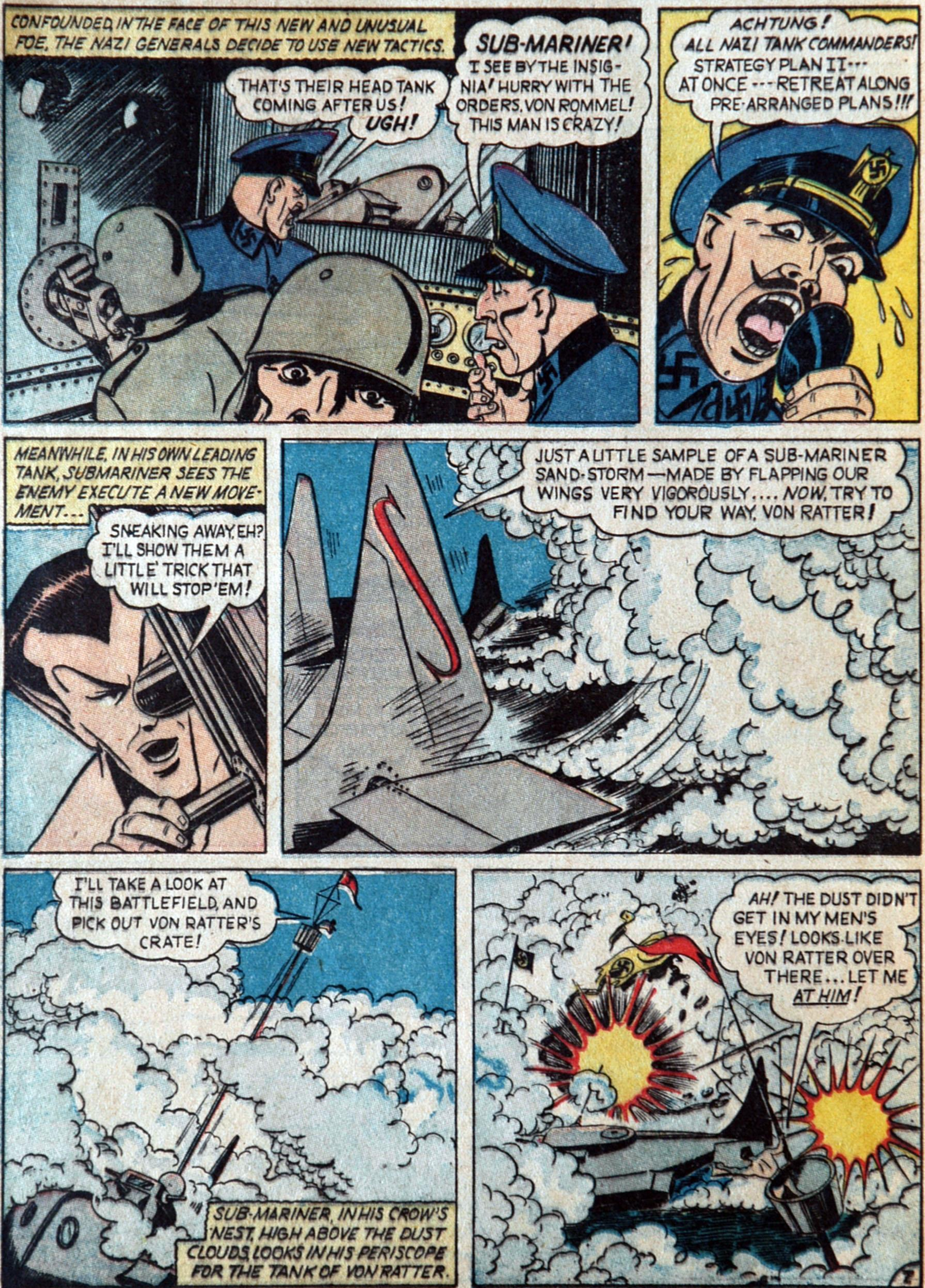
GENERALS OF THE ALLIED NATIONS AT WAR FACE A GROWING NEW MENACE THAT THREATENS THE LIFE LINES OF THE ALLIED FORCES IN AFRICA.
THE AXIS SUBMARINES ARE DESPERATELY CUTTING OUR SUPPLIES!
AS THE DISTINGUISHED WAR BOARD GRIMLY DISCUSS THE GROWING PLIGHT FACING THEIR TRANSPORTS AT SEA---
THAT S.O.S. WAS FROM ONE OF OUR LARGEST TRANSPORTS IN THE ATLANTIC, SIR.
LOST WITH ALL HANDS? THAT'S TERRIBLE!
SUB-MARINER, KING OF THE DEEP, HEARS OF THE TERROR.... RUSHING TO THE WAR BOARD, HE LISTENS TO THE LATEST NEWS....
THIS NEWS IS SO BAD, SUB-MARINER, THAT IT CALLS FOR EXTREME MEASURES.
PRIVATE
I'LL MOBILIZE MY ENTIRE FLEET OF LITTLE UNDERSEA FIGHTERS, BUILD BRAND NEW WEAPONS, AND YOU'LL HEAR FROM ME.
CALL ALL PEOPLE TO WAR! WE HAVE A TREMENDOUS JOB TO DO- RIGHT AWAY!
FIRST, WE MUST BUILD A NEW KIND OF FIGHTING FLEET!
SOON, POWERFUL NEW TANK-SUBMARINES BEGIN ROLLING OFF PRINCE NAMOR'S UNDERSEA ASSEMBLY LINES----
S
CONGRATULATIONS, MEN! THIS JOB LOOKS SWELL AND I'M SURE ITCHING TO TRY 'EM OUT! SOMEBODY'S GOING TO GET A REAL SURPRISE!!!


PROUDLY THE DEADLY TANK-SUBS ARE LAUNCHED BY SUB-MARINER, BEFORE DISTINGUISHED ALLIED OFFICIALS.
WE FINISHED OUR FLEET NONE TO SOON. LET ME AT 'EM!... WE'LL DO THE THE SINKING FROM NOW ON!
SORRY TO BREAK IN ON THESE GLORIOUS FESTIVITIES, GENTLEMEN, BUT NEWS COMES THAT SINKINGS HAVE DOUBLED!
MEANWHILE-
--IN AN AFRICAN PORT, THE NAZI ADMIRAL, VON RATTER, CARRIES ON HIS PLAN TO ANNIHILATE THE AMERICANS ON SEA----
WE'LL HAVE A HUNDRED MORE OF THESE SMALL BOATS LAUNCHED IN A FEW DAYS.... AMERICANS— ACH!! THEY ARE SO STUPID!
THE FUEHRER WILL BE HIGHLY PLEASED, VON RATTER!
WE HAVE BUILT THE WORLD'S GREATEST ARMY.... BUT IT IS NO GOOD UNLESS WE ALSO HAVE THE WORLD'S GREATEST NAVY! THEN WE SHALL RULE THE UNIVERSE! NOBODY CAN STOP US!!!
BUT SOMEONE IS GETTING READY TO STOP THIS SENSELESS BOAST....
WE'VE WAITED LONG ENOUGH! COME ON! ALL CREWS TO QUARTERS! IN FORMATION— AT ONCE!
FROM THE CONNING TURRET OF HIS OWN TANK-SUB—THE FLAGSHIP OF HIS NEW FLEET—SUB-MARINER CALLS
WE'LL CARRY THE FIGHT TO THE ENEMY! SUBMERGE!
AYE!
AYE!
AYE
AS THE SUB-MARINER COMES DOWN HIS CONNING TOWER...
THE DETECTOR INDICATES PROPELLER NOISES NEARBY, SIR. A LARGE FLEET.
AH! WE MEET UP WITH THE BAD BOYS SOONER THAN WE EXPECTED! MAIN BATTLE STATIONS!
... AND PREPARES FOR BATTLE.
LOAD TORPEDO TUBES! MAN ALL WATER GUNS! STAND BY FOR FIRING ORDERS!! ENTIRE FLEET SUBMERGE AT 100!!! READY—SET—GO!!!

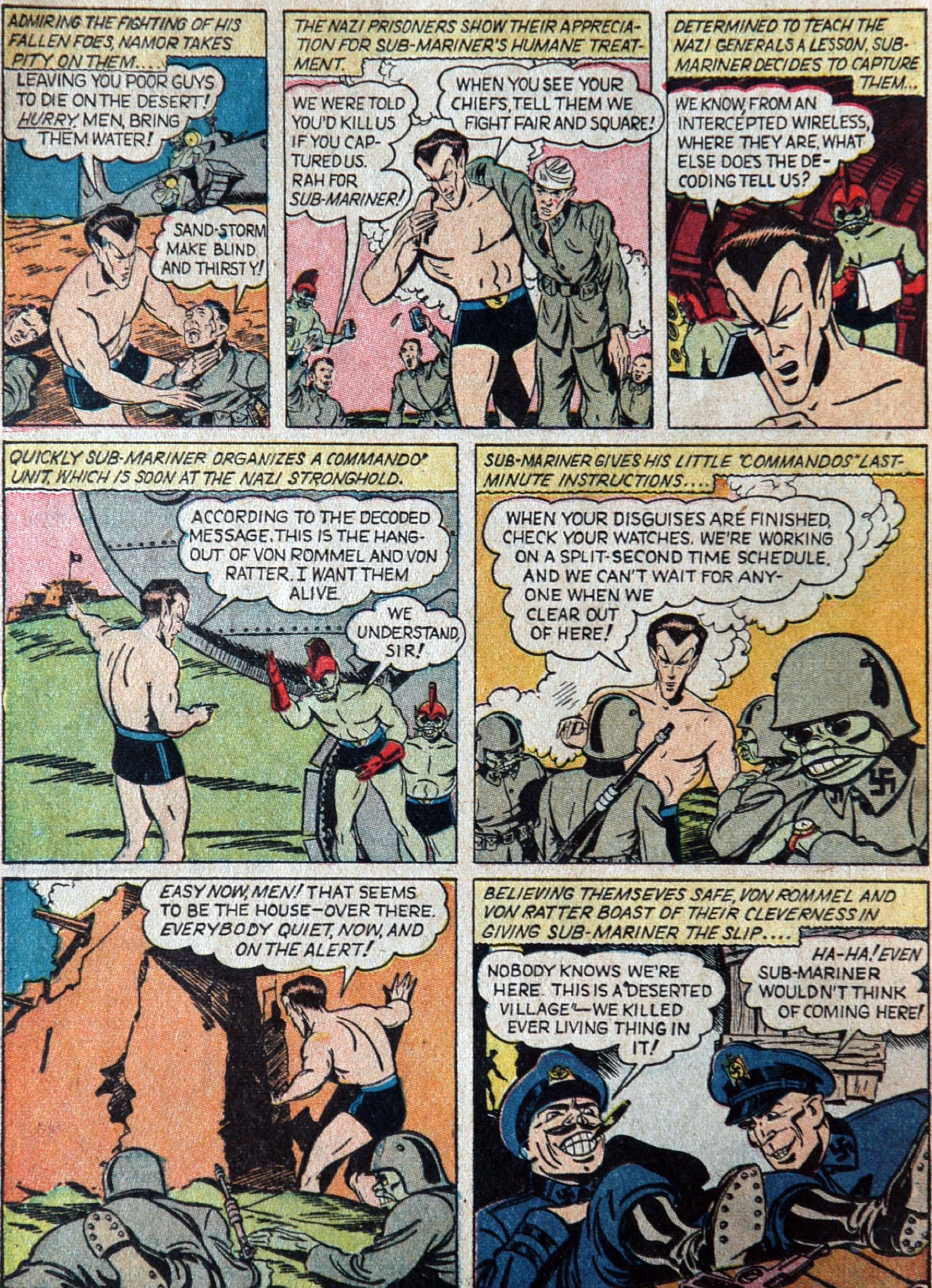
JUST THEN, IN THE GLASS OF HIS PERISCOPE SCREEN, VON RATTER SEES SUB-MARINER'S FLEET.
ACH! THIS I DID NOT EXPECT! A NEW KIND OF ENEMY! THEY'RE COMING HEAD ON!
WITH RECKLESS FURY, SUB-MARINER'S FLEET SMASHES INTO VON RATTER AND HIS SUB-MARINES.... THE BATTLE IS ON!!!
THE FURY OF THIS NEW ATTACK SOON CONVINCES THE NAZI THAT THE "SM" ON THE ENEMY SHIPS IS THE INSIGNIA OF THE SUB-MARINER.
HE DARES TO ATTACK VON RATTER! I SHALL DESTROY HIM!!! ALL NAZI SUB-MARINES ATTACK!?!
AS THE FULL FORCE OF VON RATTER'S FLEET IS UNLEASHED-
BOY, WHAT FUN! AT LAST I'VE GOT MY FINGER ON A TRIGGER! NOW, VON RATTER, I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO FIGHT UNDER WATER!!!
-BUT NOT FOR LONG-FOR SUB-MARINER'S WELL-ORGANIZED, WELL-HANDLED FLEET TAKES A TERRIFIC TOLL OF THE NAZI SUBS.
WE CLEARED THE SEA OF THE PESTS JUST IN TIME FOR OUR FLEET REVIEW.... ALL UNITS IN LONG LINE FORMATION... NAMOR LEADS THE SUB-TANK UNIT.
HERE COME THE "SWORD-FISH" FAST PURSUIT UNITS. THEY WERE TO MEET US HERE!
SUDDENLY, A HAIL OF "ASH CANS" BURSTS ABOVE THE SUB-MARINER'S FLEETS-LIKE A TERRIFYING THUNDER-STORM...
SO THE DIRTY DOGS CAME BACK? WELL, IT'S MY OWN FAULT-I WAS CAUGHT NAPPING!
THAT BOMB BARRAGE SHOULD HAVE DESTROYED MY DEAR FRIEND, THE SUB-MARINER, AND ALL HIS SHIPS!

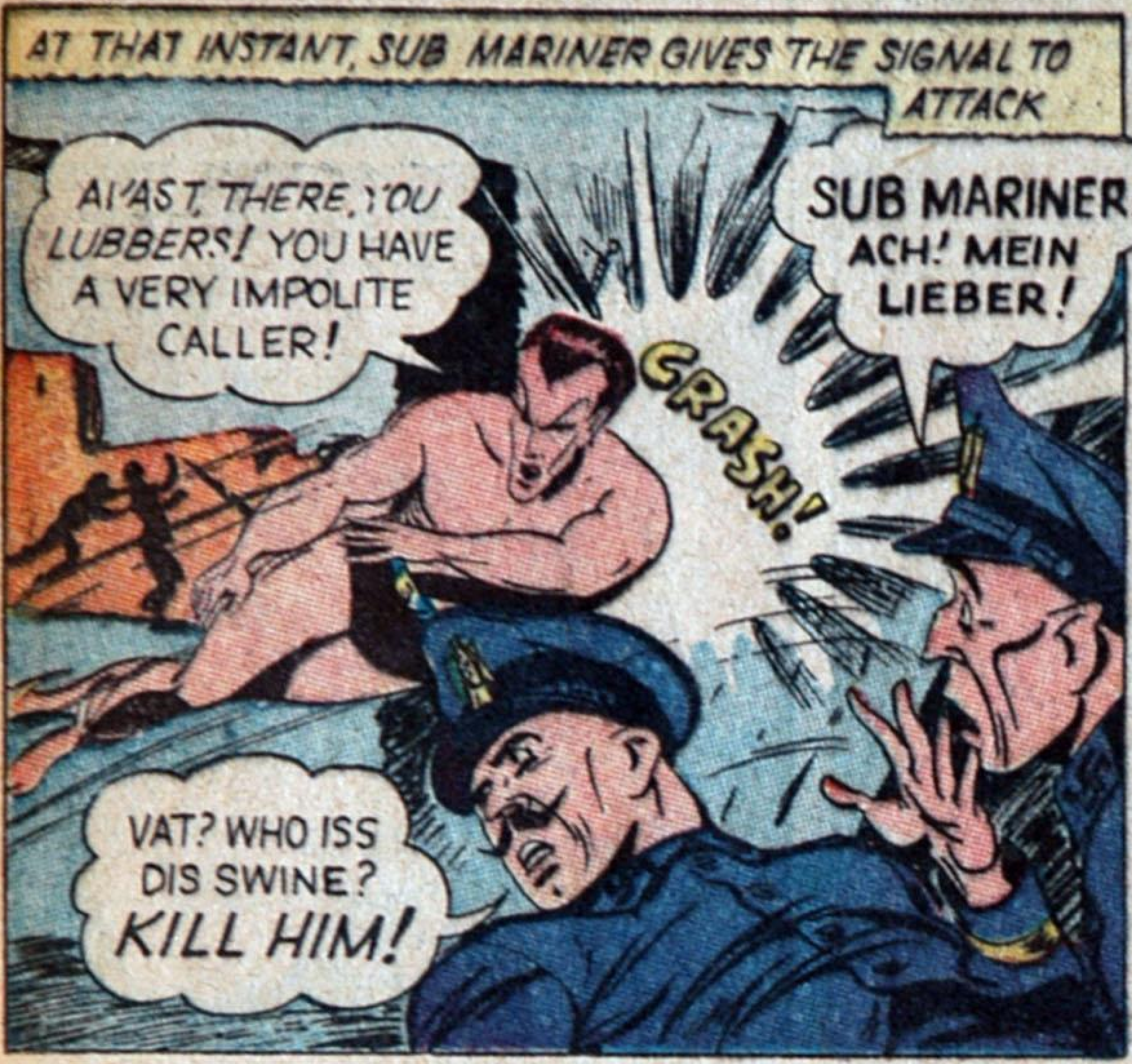

SUB-MARINER'S WELL-DISCIPLINED MEN RECOVER FROM THE SNEAK ENEMY DEPTH-BOMB BARRAGE.
THIS IS WHERE THE ENEMY CAME OVER. PURE GUESS-WORK, AS OUR SHIPS WERE QUIET.
THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA, MARA. LET'S HAVE SOME FUN WITH THE HUN!
NAMOR ORDERS AN INTERESTING FAKE PROPELLER-NOISE-MAKER STARTED----
SPIN HER OVER-AND LET'S HOPE THE NAZI HAVE THE EARS TO THEIR OWN PROP NOISE DETECTORS!
---AND, IN THE "LISTENING POST" OF VON RATTER'S DESTROYER...
MY DETECTOR HAF PICKED UP NOISE VROM MANY PROPELLERS IN WATER BELOW.
THAT'S GOOD-MORE ASH-CANS!
MAYBE DER KOMMANDER IS CRAZY-DAT'S ALL OUR BOMBS GONE NOW!
HUNDREDS OF 'ASH CANS' ARE THUS DESPATCHED OFF THE STERN OF NAZI SHIPS....
---TO THE WAITING HANDS OF SUB-MARINER'S MEN---WHO
---AND TIE THEM IN A WEB-NET, IN BACK OF THEIR OWN SUBMARINES.
THEY ARE SET IN POSITION ACROSS THE AFRICAN PORT ENTRANCE, WHERE SUB-MARINER BRINGS HIS FLEET.
BEHIND THIS HOME-MADE SUB NET, BUILT WITH ENEMY BOMBS TIED TOGETHER, WE CAN CARRY OUT OUR PLANS.
FURIOUSLY VON RATTER ATTACKS- TO FIND HIS TORPEDOES BLOWN BACK AGAINST THEIR OWN MINES.
CAN'T FIGURE THIS OUDT. HOW DID THOSE MINES GET THERE? I CAN'T GET NEAR ENOUGH TO DESTROY THAT VERTICAL MINE FIELD!

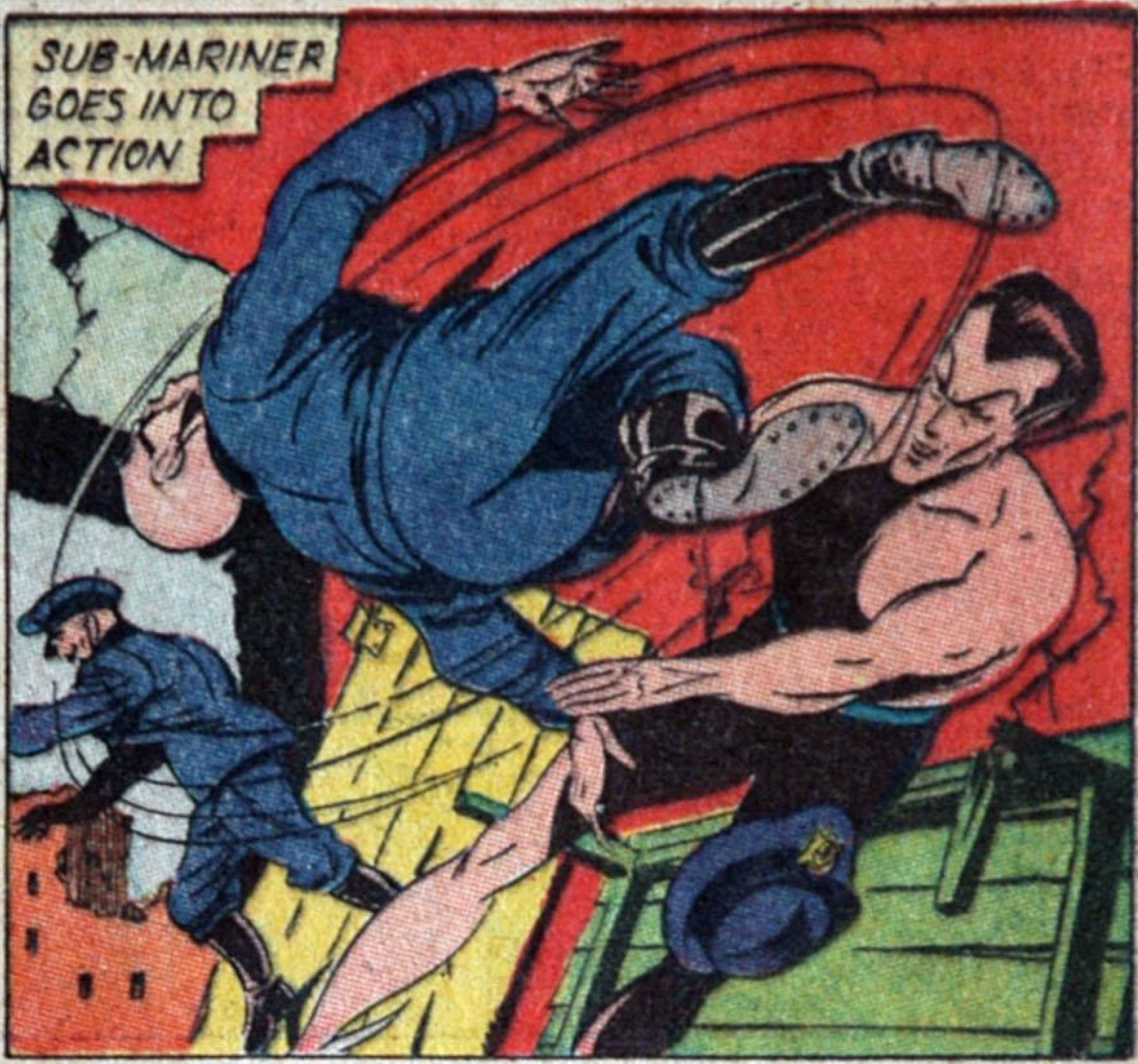
WHILE KEEPING THE NAZIS OUT OF HIS WAY, SUB-MARINER WORKS OUT HIS PLANS...
ALL HANDS MAKE READY FOR A LANDING ASHORE!
NAMOR'S STRANGE SUBS NOW "WALK" ON LAND IN A HUGE ARMADA.
WE'LL HEAD TOWARD THE DESERT, TO ATTACK THE ENEMY!
SUB-MARINER DEPLOYS HIS MECHANIZED SUBS-TURNED INTO TANKS...
FIRST, WE TRY ENCIRCLING MOVEMENTS, JUST TO LIMBER UP...
WHEN SUDDENLY---
AHOY, THERE! WE'RE ITCHING FOR A SCRAP WITH AN OUTFIT LIKE THIS!
REPORT NAZI TANK CORPS FLEEING IN NORTH-EAST DIRECTION SIR!
WITH LIGHTNING SPEED, NAMOR RACES AFTER THE REPORTED ENEMY.
LOOK! A NEW MONSTER IS FOLLOWING.
I WILL GIVE ORDERS TO FLEE, VON RATTER!
BUT BEFORE THE RETREATING NAZI TANKS CAN GET AWAY, SUB-MARINER'S FEARLESS UNIT PLUNGES INTO BATTLE...
WHETHER ON LAND OR SEA, WHEREVER THE FOE MAY BE- YOU'LL FIND THE SUB-MARINER FIGHTING FOR LIBERTY!
SMASH INTO 'EM, MEN!
SMASH!!
WHAM!

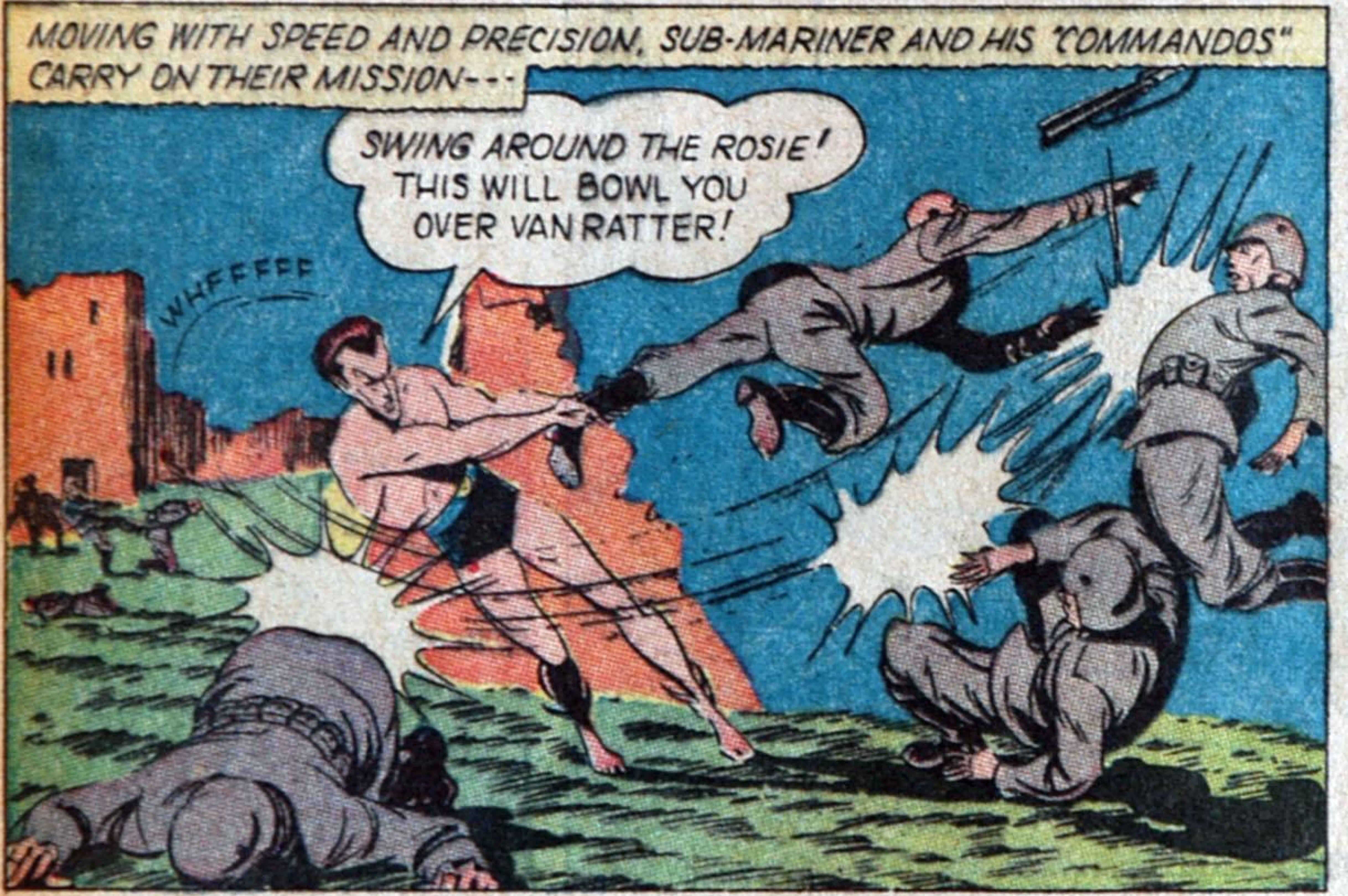

CONFOUNDED, IN THE FACE OF THIS NEW AND UNUSUAL FOE, THE NAZI GENERALS DECIDE TO USE NEW TACTICS.
THAT'S THEIR HEAD TANK COMING AFTER US! UGH!
SUB-MARINER! I SEE BY THE INSIGNIA! HURRY WITH THE ORDERS, VON ROMMEL! THIS MAN IS CRAZY!
ACHTUNG! ALL NAZI TANK COMMANDERS! STRATEGY PLAN II--- AT ONCE --- RETREAT ALONG PRE-ARRANGED PLANS!!!
MEANWHILE, IN HIS OWN LEADING TANK, SUBMARINER SEES THE ENEMY EXECUTE A NEW MOVEMENT...
SNEAKING AWAY, EH? I'LL SHOW THEM A LITTLE' TRICK THAT WILL STOP 'EM!
JUST A LITTLE SAMPLE OF A SUB-MARINER SAND-STORM—MADE BY FLAPPING OUR WINGS VERY VIGOROUSLY.... NOW, TRY TO FIND YOUR WAY, VON RATTER!
I'LL TAKE A LOOK AT THIS BATTLEFIELD, AND PICK OUT VON RATTER'S CRATE!
SUB-MARINER, IN HIS CROW'S NEST, HIGH ABOVE THE DUST CLOUDS, LOOKS IN HIS PERISCOPE FOR THE TANK OF VON RATTER.
AH! THE DUST DIDN'T GET IN MY MEN'S EYES! LOOKS LIKE VON RATTER OVER THERE... LET ME AT HIM!

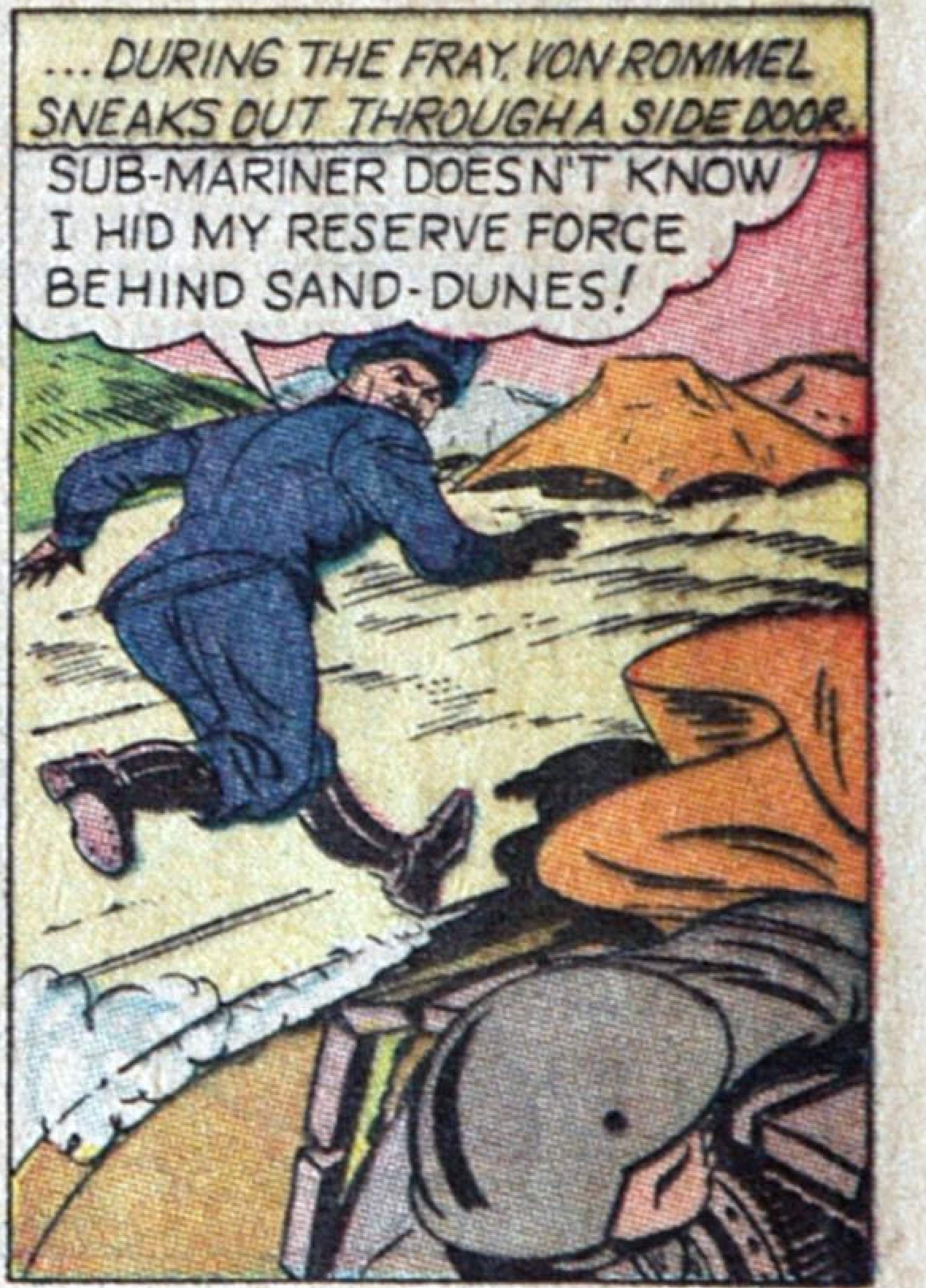
SUDDENLY, AS SUB-MARINER ENGAGES HIS PET ENEMY, HE DISCOVERS VON RATTER IN A DARING BREAK.....
FACE THE MUSIC, VON RATTER! OKAY--SEE YOU LATER!
REALIZING THAT THE DUST STORM WHICH WAS TO CONFUSE THE NAZIS, IS NOW HELPING TO COVER THEIR ESCAPE..., SUB-MARINER COUNTERS CLEVERLY.
ATTENTION! NAMOR UNITS—PUT DOWN SAND-STORM!
IMMEDIATELY, SUB-MARINER'S "WHALE TANKS" SPOUT WATER, AND WET DOWN THE SAND DUST.....
AS THE DUST-STORM CLEARS---
TAKE ALL PRISONERS! WHAT'S THAT, DISPATCHER?
SCOUT UNIT REPORTS VON RATTER GETTING AWAY, NAMOR!
AT ONCE, NAMOR ORDERS ENCIRCLING MOVEMENTS TO CAPTURE ALL NAZI TANKS.
IT MAY BE A DECOY! THE GENERALS COULD BE IN AN ORDINARY TANK---LET'S LOOK INTO ALL WE CAN CAPTURE!
BUT TOO LATE — AFTER A MAD RUSH THE NAZI GENERALS REACH THEIR STRONGHOLD
HOPE WE'VE SHAKEN OFF SUB-MARINER!
WE'RE SAFE HERE-VON RATTER!
MEANWHILE, SUB-MARINER CONTINUES HIS MISSION—DESTRUCTION OF NAZI UNITS, AND EXAMINATION OF EVERYONE CAPTURED.
WE TAKE MANY PRISONERS-BUT NO LUCK CATCHING THE REALLY BIG FISH. LET'S MOVE!
KAMARAD! WE GIVE UP!
WE DIE NOW! THEY SAY NAMOR KILL US ALL!
OKAY, SUCKER! REACH HIGH-NO TRICKS!
HELP THE POOR DEVILS--THEY'RE DYING OF THIRST!
WATER! WATER!
NOW COME DER END—HELP!!!

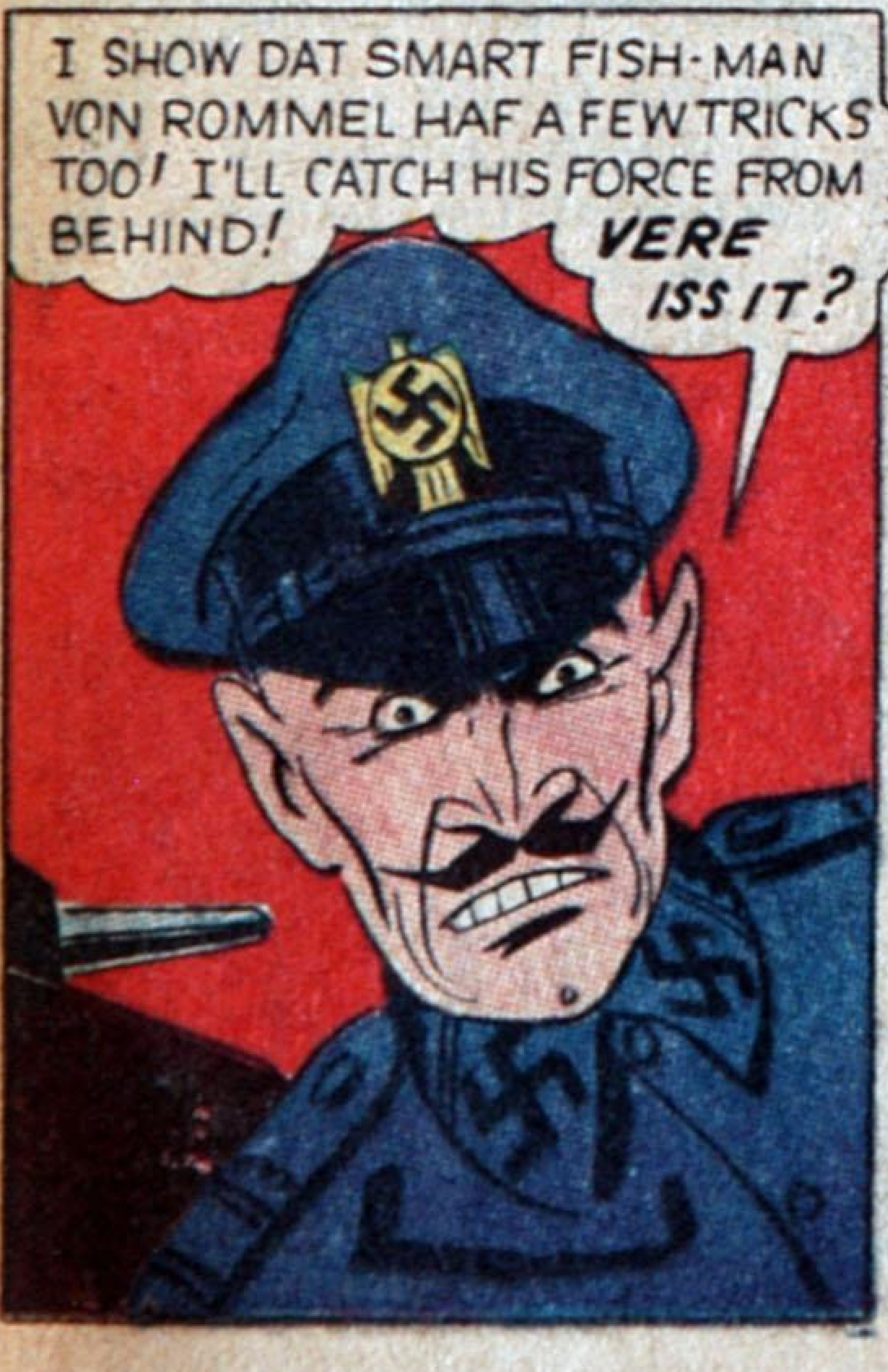

ADMIRING THE FIGHTING OF HIS FALLEN FOES, NAMOR TAKES PITY ON THEM....
LEAVING YOU POOR GUYS TO DIE ON THE DESERT! HURRY, MEN, BRING THEM WATER!
SAND-STORM MAKE BLIND AND THIRSTY!
THE NAZI PRISONERS SHOW THEIR APPRECIATION FOR SUB-MARINER'S HUMANE TREATMENT.
WE WERE TOLD YOU'D KILL US IF YOU CAPTURED US. RAH FOR SUB-MARINER!
WHEN YOU SEE YOUR CHIEFS, TELL THEM WE FIGHT FAIR AND SQUARE!
DETERMINED TO TEACH THE NAZI GENERALS A LESSON, SUB-MARINER DECIDES TO CAPTURE THEM...
WE KNOW, FROM AN INTERCEPTED WIRELESS, WHERE THEY ARE. WHAT ELSE DOES THE DECODING TELL US?
QUICKLY SUB-MARINER ORGANIZES A COMMANDO' UNIT, WHICH IS SOON AT THE NAZI STRONGHOLD.
ACCORDING TO THE DECODED MESSAGE, THIS IS THE HANG-OUT OF VON ROMMEL AND VON RATTER. I WANT THEM ALIVE.
WE UNDERSTAND, SIR!
SUB-MARINER GIVES HIS LITTLE "COMMANDOS" LAST-MINUTE INSTRUCTIONS....
WHEN YOUR DISGUISES ARE FINISHED, CHECK YOUR WATCHES. WE'RE WORKING ON A SPLIT-SECOND TIME SCHEDULE, AND WE CAN'T WAIT FOR ANYONE WHEN WE CLEAR OUT OF HERE!
EASY NOW, MEN! THAT SEEMS TO BE THE HOUSE—OVER THERE. EVERYBODY QUIET, NOW, AND ON THE ALERT!
BELIEVING THEMSEVES SAFE, VON ROMMEL AND VON RATTER BOAST OF THEIR CLEVERNESS IN GIVING SUB-MARINER THE SLIP....
NOBODY KNOWS WE'RE HERE. THIS IS A "DESERTED VILLAGE"—WE KILLED EVER LIVING THING IN IT!
HA-HA! EVEN SUB-MARINER WOULDN'T THINK OF COMING HERE!

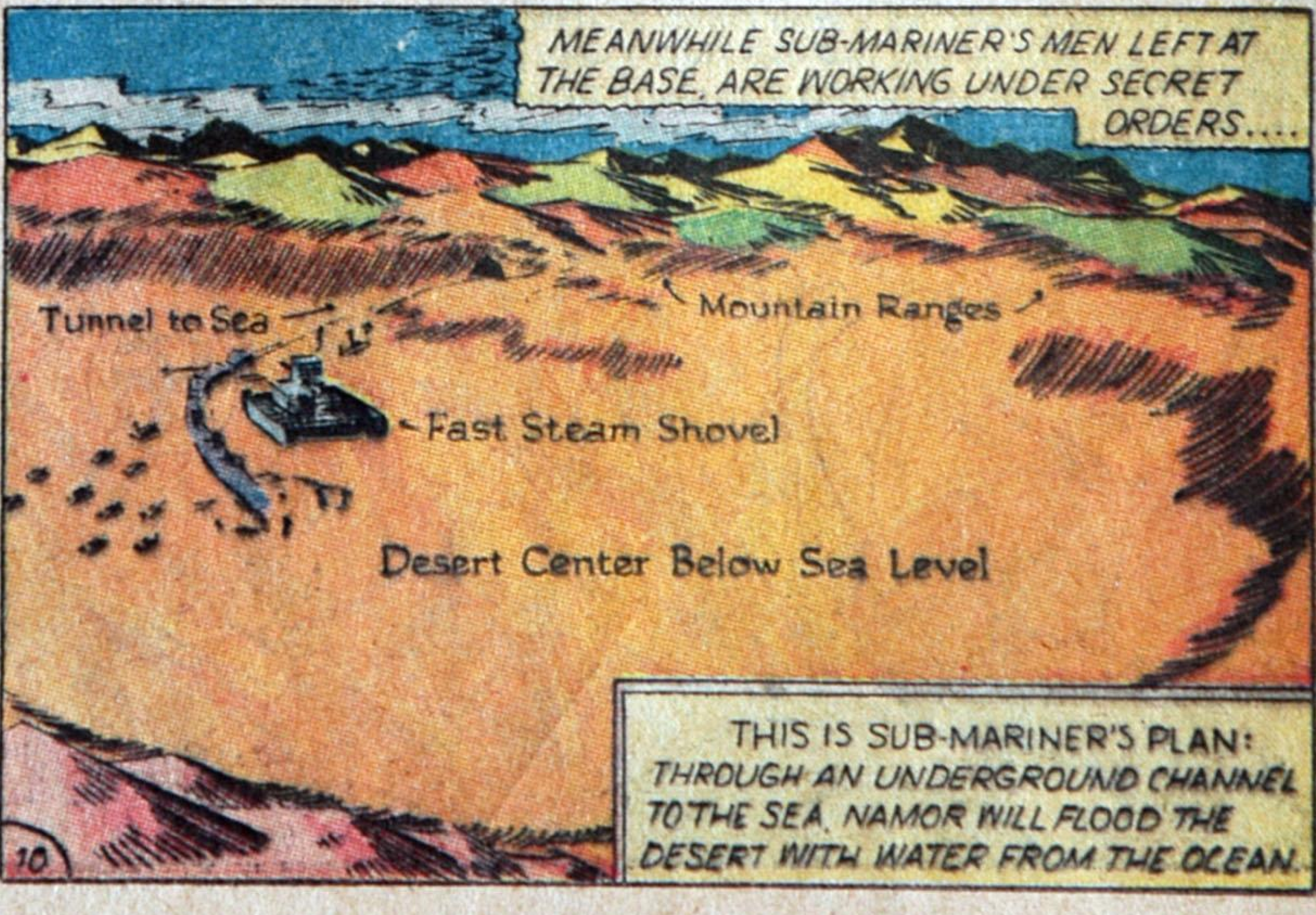

AT THAT INSTANT, SUB MARINER GIVES THE SIGNAL TO ATTACK
AVAST, THERE, YOU LUBBERS! YOU HAVE A VERY IMPOLITE CALLER!
CRASH!
SUB MARINER! ACH! MEIN LIEBER!
VAT? WHO ISS DIS SWINE? KILL HIM!

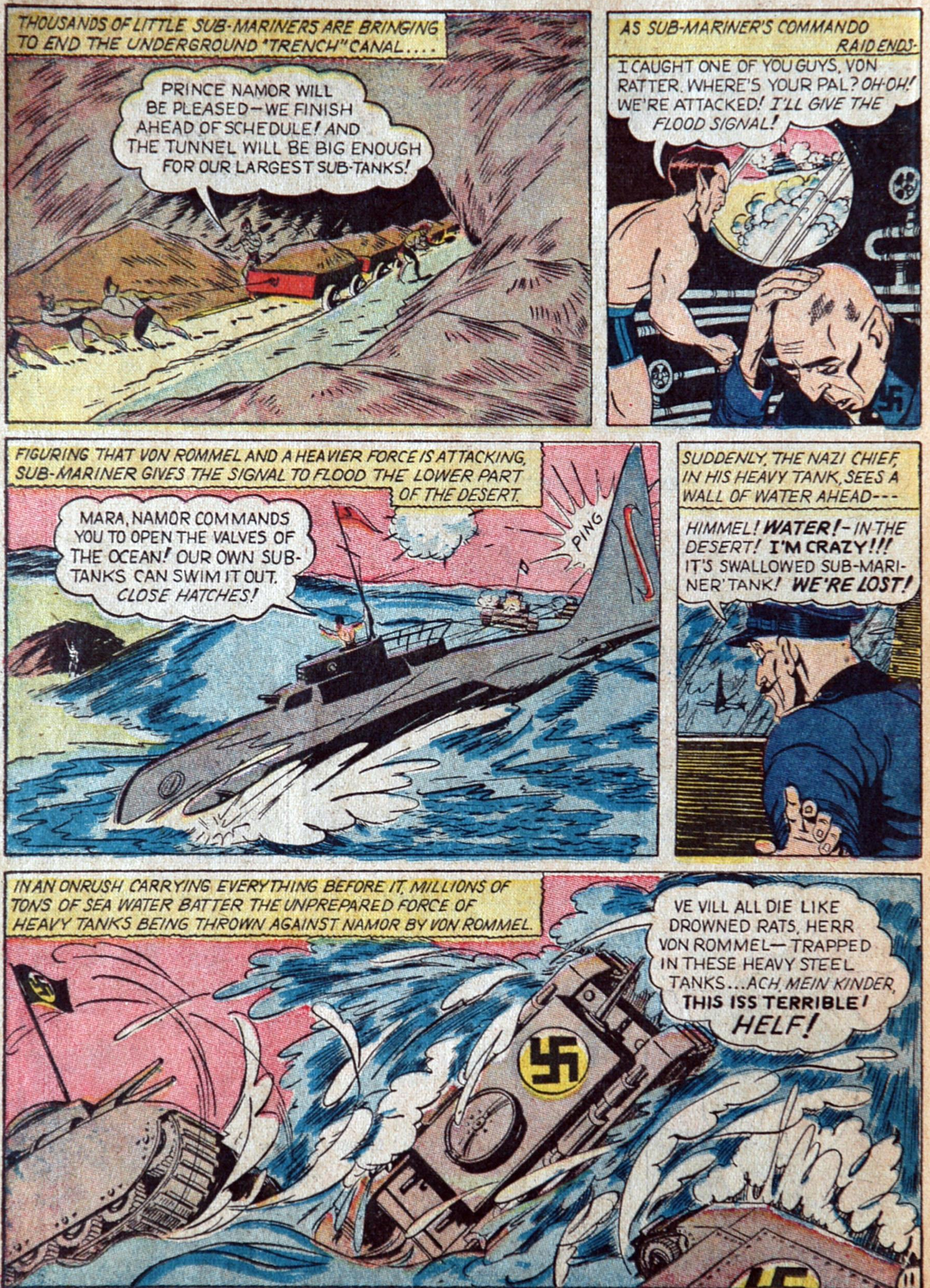

SUB-MARINER GOES INTO ACTION


MOVING WITH SPEED AND PRECISION, SUB-MARINER AND HIS "COMMANDOS" CARRY ON THEIR MISSION---
SWING AROUND THE ROSIE! THIS WILL BOWL YOU OVER VAN RATTER!
WHFFFFF


... DURING THE FRAY, VON ROMMEL SNEAKS OUT THROUGH A SIDE DOOR.
SUB-MARINER DOESN'T KNOW I HID MY RESERVE FORCE BEHIND SAND-DUNES!


I SHOW DAT SMART FISH-MAN VON ROMMEL HAF A FEW TRICKS TOO! I'LL CATCH HIS FORCE FROM BEHIND!
VERE ISS IT?


MEANWHILE SUB-MARINER'S MEN LEFT AT THE BASE, ARE WORKING UNDER SECRET ORDERS....
Tunnel to Sea
Mountain Ranges
Fast Steam Shovel
Desert Center Below Sea Level
THIS IS SUB-MARINER'S PLAN: THROUGH AN UNDERGROUND CHANNEL TO THE SEA, NAMOR WILL FLOOD THE DESERT WITH WATER FROM THE OCEAN.


THOUSANDS OF LITTLE SUB-MARINERS ARE BRINGING TO END THE UNDERGROUND "TRENCH" CANAL....
PRINCE NAMOR WILL BE PLEASED—WE FINISH AHEAD OF SCHEDULE! AND THE TUNNEL WILL BE BIG ENOUGH FOR OUR LARGEST SUB-TANKS!
AS SUB-MARINER'S COMMANDO RAID ENDS-
I CAUGHT ONE OF YOU GUYS, VON RATTER. WHERE'S YOUR PAL? OH-OH! WE'RE ATTACKED! I'LL GIVE THE FLOOD SIGNAL!
FIGURING THAT VON ROMMEL AND A HEAVIER FORCE IS ATTACKING, SUB-MARINER GIVES THE SIGNAL TO FLOOD THE LOWER PART OF THE DESERT.
MARA, NAMOR COMMANDS YOU TO OPEN THE VALVES OF THE OCEAN! OUR OWN SUB-TANKS CAN SWIM IT OUT. CLOSE HATCHES!
PING
SUDDENLY, THE NAZI CHIEF, IN HIS HEAVY TANK, SEES A WALL OF WATER AHEAD---
HIMMEL! WATER!-IN THE DESERT! I'M CRAZY!!! IT'S SWALLOWED SUB-MARINER'TANK! WE'RE LOST!
IN AN ONRUSH CARRYING EVERYTHING BEFORE IT, MILLIONS OF TONS OF SEA WATER BATTER THE UNPREPARED FORCE OF HEAVY TANKS BEING THROWN AGAINST NAMOR BY VON ROMMEL.
VE VILL ALL DIE LIKE DROWNED RATS, HERR VON ROMMEL—TRAPPED IN THESE HEAVY STEEL TANKS...ACH, MEIN KINDER, THIS ISS TERRIBLE! HELF!
11

SPLASHING HELPLESSLY AROUND IN MUD AND WATER, VON ROMMEL'S TANK FINALLY OPENS, THE NAZI CHIEFTAIN GASPING FOR AIR....
SO THERE YOU ARE, MY FINE WET FRIEND!
DON'T YOU KNOW WATER IS MY MEAT? COME, GENERAL, I'LL GIVE YOU A BREAK!
BESIDES, I JUST CAN'T BEAR TO SEPARATE TWO SUCH FINE PALS AS YOU FELLOWS!
I'LL SEE YOU TWO MUGS LATER! I'M KEEPING YOU UNDERWATER, LIKE GOLD FISHES—BUT I'LL MAKE SURE YOU DON'T DROWN!
DIS MAN *ISS* CRAZY... HE SAVED US BOTH!
SUB-MARINER'S ARMADA ENTERS THE TUNNEL, HEADING THROUGH IT TO THE ENTRANCE OF THE AFRICAN PORT....
YOU GUYS HAVE A DATE WITH ONE OF UNCLE SAM'S NO.1 GENERALS AT THE BASE... SO *BEHAVE*!
SOON NAMOR BRINGS HIS OWN SUB-TANK ALONGSIDE THE DOCK.... BUT JUST THEN-
HEY! WHERE'RE YOU GOING, VON ROMMEL? *MAN OVERBOARD!*
...IN A FLASH, SUB-MARINER DIVES AFTER VON ROMMEL...
TRYING TO COMMIT WATERY HARI-KARI! COME HERE, YOU DOPE!
HERE ARE YOUR TWO SPECIMENS, GENERAL—A LITTLE DRIPPY AND NOT TOO PERT FOR JERKS.
FINE WORK, SUB! DIDN'T LIKE TO CALL THE NAVY FOR THIS JOB.
AS THE SUB-MARINER GOES TO NEW ADVENTURES, REMEMBER-- THERE ARE MORE THRILLS COMING IN SUB-MARINER QUARTERLY COMICS AT ALL NEWSSTANDS!

Jap Trap!

BLINKING ITS GHOSTLY owl-eye in the still darkness of the night, the lightship *Wells* tugged gently at her anchor, and rolled lazily in the swell of the sea. For nine months the boat had been in this one spot, save to resume position when she dragged anchor.

Jerry Crain, the first mate, sweated in the sultry air of the summer night and stared disgustedly at the lights in New York City. Coming to his side, Captain Crisman nodded to the distant glow. "Pretty, eh?"

"Bah! Jerry said, wrinkling his nose, "I'm sick of it! No action except eating and fishing. Why, there's a war going on, and what do *we* do but flop on this tub and watch the lights!"

Captain Crisman, glanced at him queerly. "It's more important than you think! We're part of New York's *defense!* If it weren't for us here to warn of the channel's end, half the ships entering the harbor would run aground off Breezy Point or the Atlantic Highlands!"

"I guess you're right, Captain, but I sure wish I could get my teeth into some *action!*"

"Who knows, Jerry. In the last war, the German cruiser Emden, flying a French flag, slipped into an Allied harbor and sunk a couple Russian warships! That *might* happen here!"

"Naw, no such luck. The boys from Fort Tilden would pick them off before we could *see* them!"

"Perhaps, but camouflage fools the best of us!"

In the days that followed, Jerry often saw the lights of the great city wink out during blackout practice, but he scoffed at the sight. He just couldn't picture any enemy getting this far, by air *or* sea. It seemed ridiculous to even *think* of it.

Jerry was sitting on the rail of the bridge when Captain Crisman came up. "Jerry, I'm being sent to Boston for a week or so, and you're left in charge here. See that everything is kept shipshape, and I'll see you soon." The Captain departed in a motor launch and Jerry watched him go, wishing that something would pop up to send him off.

* * *

SPITTING FIRE through its overheated exhaust pipes, the fishing boat came tearing out of the night! Its deck was a mass of wreckage, with gaping holes, like great eyes, in the hull. Huge bites were taken out of the pilot house, as if by an enormous mouth. The boat smacked against the side of the lightship, and the master came out of the wheelhouse, shouting at the top of his lungs.

"Japs! A whole ship full of them! They shot me up and left me to sink, knowing that I had no radio. They're flying the British flag and headed for the harbor under half-speed, that's how I beat them here. You gotta *do* something, *quick!* It's probably a suicide ship, a cruiser, I think!"

"Holy smokes! Are you *sure?*"

"Positive! And you'll only have a few minutes to do something!"

"Right! Beach your boat at Breezy Point. Then notify the coast artillery at Fort Tilden. I have an *idea!*" The power boat sped toward the shore. Jerry hoped that it would hold together long enough to reach. He didn't dare radio, for fear of being intercepted.

Staking everything on a mad gamble, he called the crew to their stations! Quickly they got the anchors up and the motor started. With the deck pulsating beneath them, the *Wells* moved closer to the shore, until she lay only a half mile off. Any ship that tried to skirt the lightship now would be hopelessly beached!

*

With night glasses glued to his eyes, Jerry studied the ocean. Before many minutes a grey hull slid into view, a warship of rakish design flying the Union Jack. This was it! He studied it in detail, to be sure of making no mistakes. *That* was no Britisher, nor one of ours; the construction was decidedly Japanese! Well, they had a surprise coming, all right!

But the action on shore had taken another twist, too. The power launch ran ashore, and the

By Spillane

skipper dashed to a bungalow to telephone. Now in that house, the beach life guards were having a party. When they heard the excited babble of the boatman they lost no time. "Mickey," the captain, hollered to the rest. "Gill, Wilson, Lane! Hey, the rest of you guys, too! Let's get *in* on this. Get some of the boys from the other beaches. We've got a *job* to do!"

Steam was pouring from the stacks of the warship when the commander spotted the lightship. He threw an order to a junior officer in a high, sharp voice, and the ship eased off to the right a little. His carefully planned plot was progressing nicely, he mused. Only once did his brow wrinkle. That was when he thought he saw the shore, but that couldn't be, he thought.

* * *

CRASH! The ship lurched violently, its keel scraping along the bottom! The bow shot up as the water grew shallower. Men were pitched from their positions into the sea, while others fell from the rigging. Slowly the great ship tilted to one side, hopelessly wedged in the sand!

There was no time to launch the boats; men milled around in the water, struggling to get free of their clothes. Even then the commander shouted his orders in clipped Japanese. "To the shore! Do as much damage as you can!" The little brown men started swimming.

"Here they come, guys. Do your stuff!" The life guards grinned at each other, and powerful muscles rippled as they swam to meet the Japs. The little men never knew what hit them. A tug at the leg, a strong hand around a throat, and *bubbles!* Big Wilson was clipping chins and sinking Japs so fast he hardly had time to *breathe.*

WHAM! BAM! BLUBBB! They were disappearing by the score! But even at that rate hundreds were reaching the shore. Down swooped the boys from Fort Tilden! The call had gotten them up in the middle of the night, and they hadn't had time to dress, but nobody cared.

Like a plague, they rolled across the sand to meet the Japs, shouting a mighty battle yell!

That wave of men hit the advancing Japs like a thunderbolt. Picking them off, they saw the Japs had no guns, so, spearing their bayonetted guns into the sand, they waded into the Japs with their bare hands and batted the brown men to the ground. Then they picked them up . . . shook them like terriers, and tossed them back into the ocean!

Sergeant Devlin was late to the fray. He took one look and shouted, "Well, what d'ya know! *Jappies!* If you guys don't save a few for *me* I'll knock yer ears off!" The sarge was the regiment's heavyweight champ, and when he waded in, Japs flew around like snowflakes!

But on the wrecked boat, some of the men mounted machine guns on two life rafts and paddled for shore. If they ever reached, many would shed their blood on the sand. Jerry caught this from the *Wells* with his night glasses, and a longboat went over the side. With the two cylinder engine putt-putting, he made for the floating death. He quickly jabbed one of the blades on his two bladed pocket-knife into the wooden bow . . . and chugged on! But, they spied him coming, opening fire with the gun!

BULLETS TOOK CHUNKS out of the wood and whizzed around his head, but they couldn't stop *Jerry!* His longboat plowed into the rubber boat with a soggy crunch, the knife ripping it open like a toy balloon! That was the last of *them!* But, it seemed to be the last of him, too, for water was pouring into the boat. Jerry slipped into a life-jacket and headed for shore.

The Japs in the other rubber boat patted their machine gun convincingly. *They* hadn't been seen. Or so they *thought!* Mickey swam over to Gill. "Hey, Joe. There's another mess of them. Let's *get* 'em!"

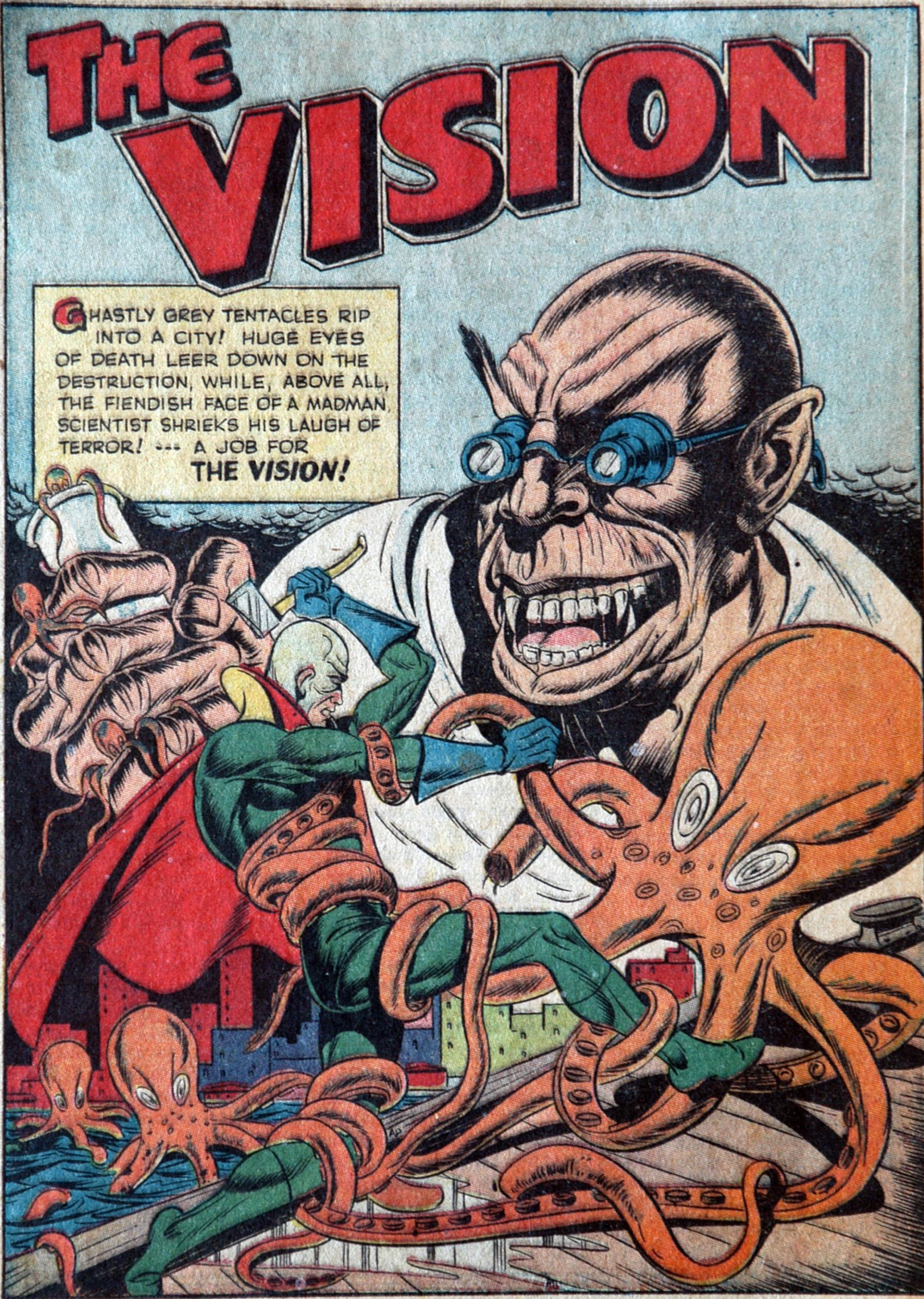
Joe grinned. "Come on!" he whispered. They oozed through the slight swells, keeping well down in the water. They reached the rubber boat, and nodding at each other, grabbed the side and spilled the whole mess into the sea! The Japs came up spluttering. A fist came out of no where, and one groaned and went down! Others were just vanishing as pairs of hands grabbed their legs, and yanked. They *didn't* come up again!

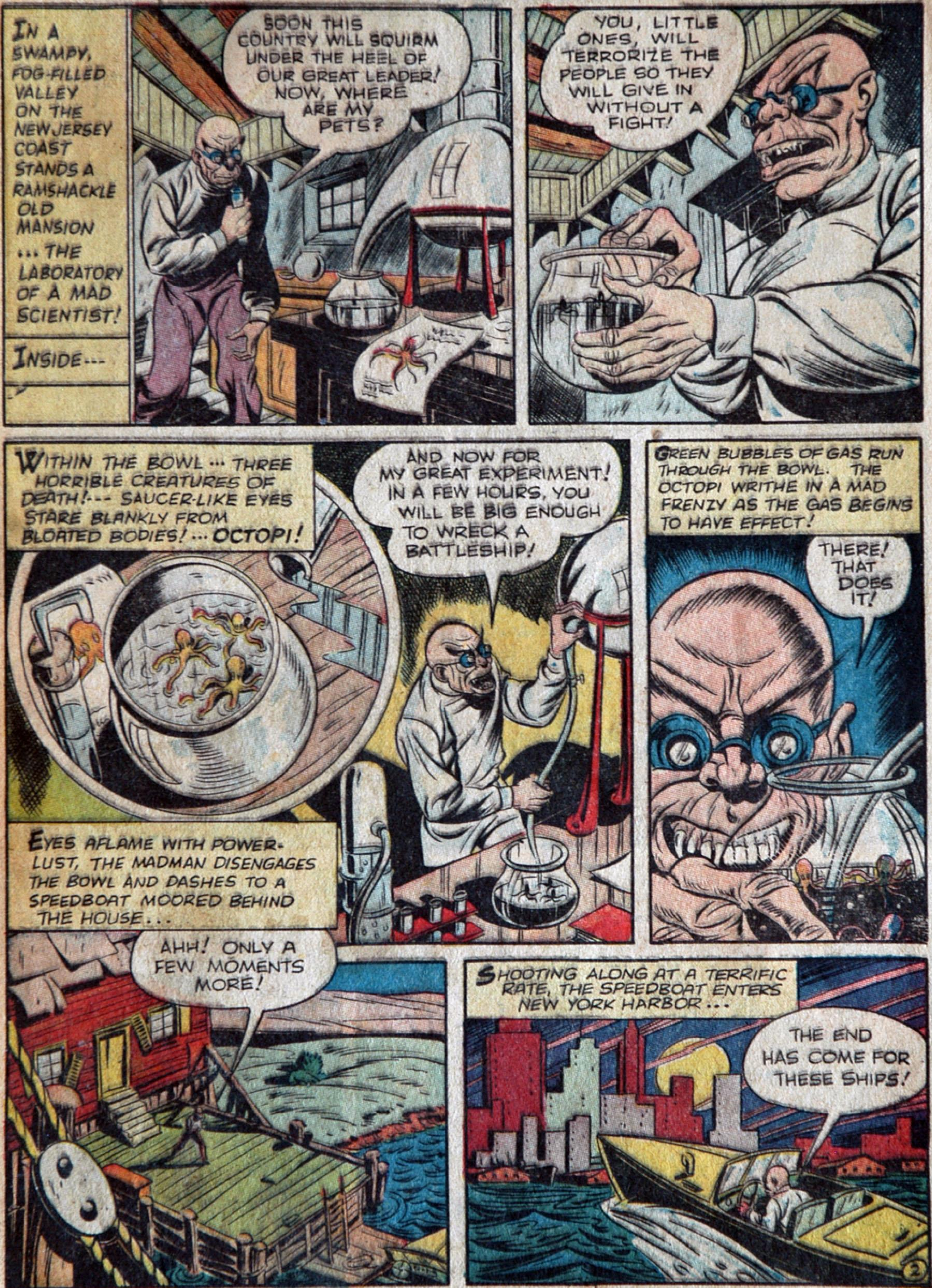
Shouts from the shore brought the life guards in. They had cleaned out all that were left in the water, but when they got to shore they had no chance for further action. The soldiers had done a good job. The beach was a mess of fallen Japs who lay very, *very* still. It had all happened so fast that it was hard to believe.

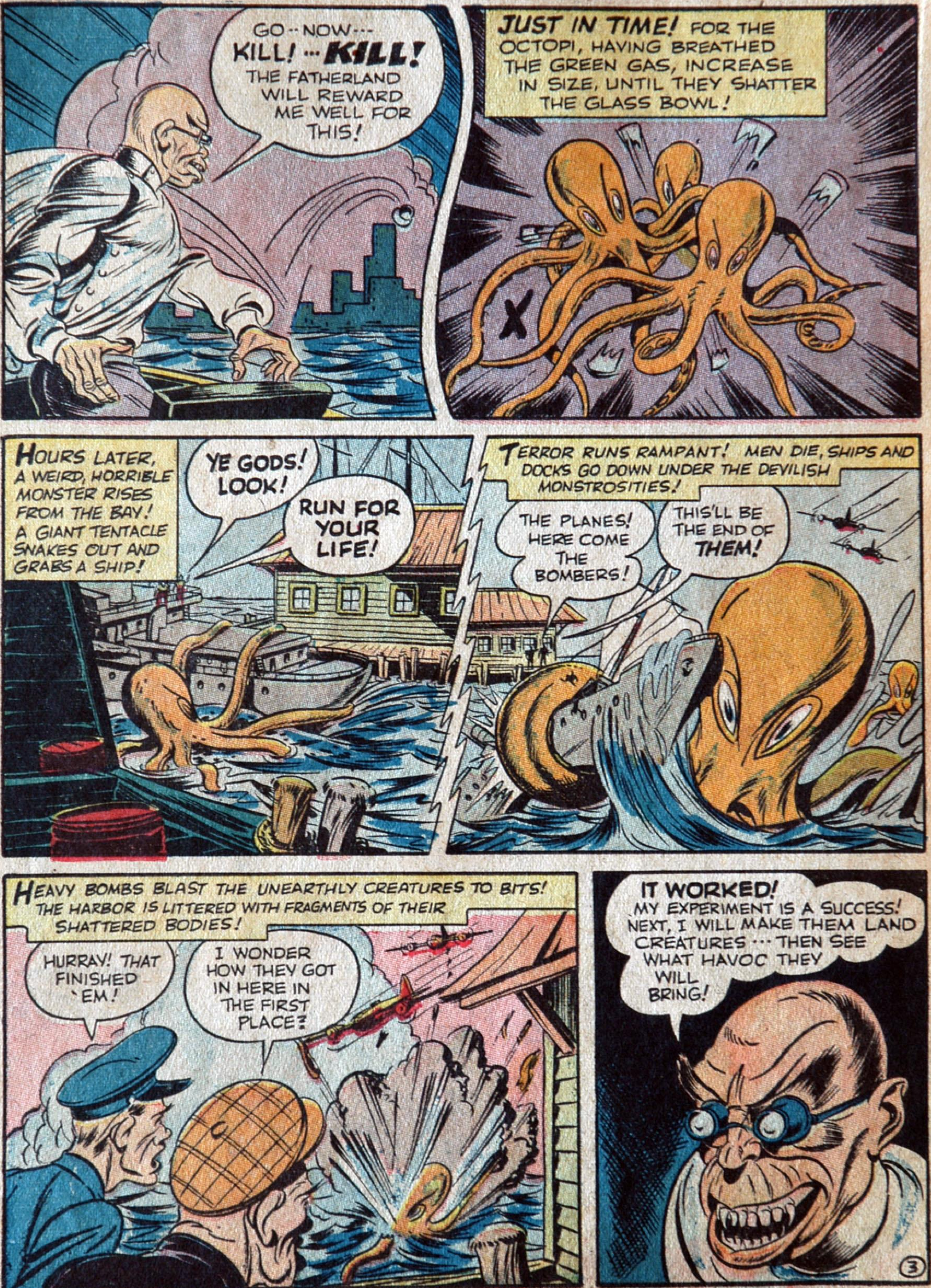
Jerry was being patted on the back by the soldiers, and the life guards were gabbing the action over with many gestures. The commanding officer of the fort came up to Jerry. "That sure was a nice piece of work, Mr. Crain. Took fast thinking, and I commend you for it!" The officer bent over and whispered in Jerry's ear, "Now, if I were *you*, I'd hustle back to my ship before a cutter comes around. A ship without a Captain spells *maritime court*, even in a case like *this!*"

The End.

THE VISION

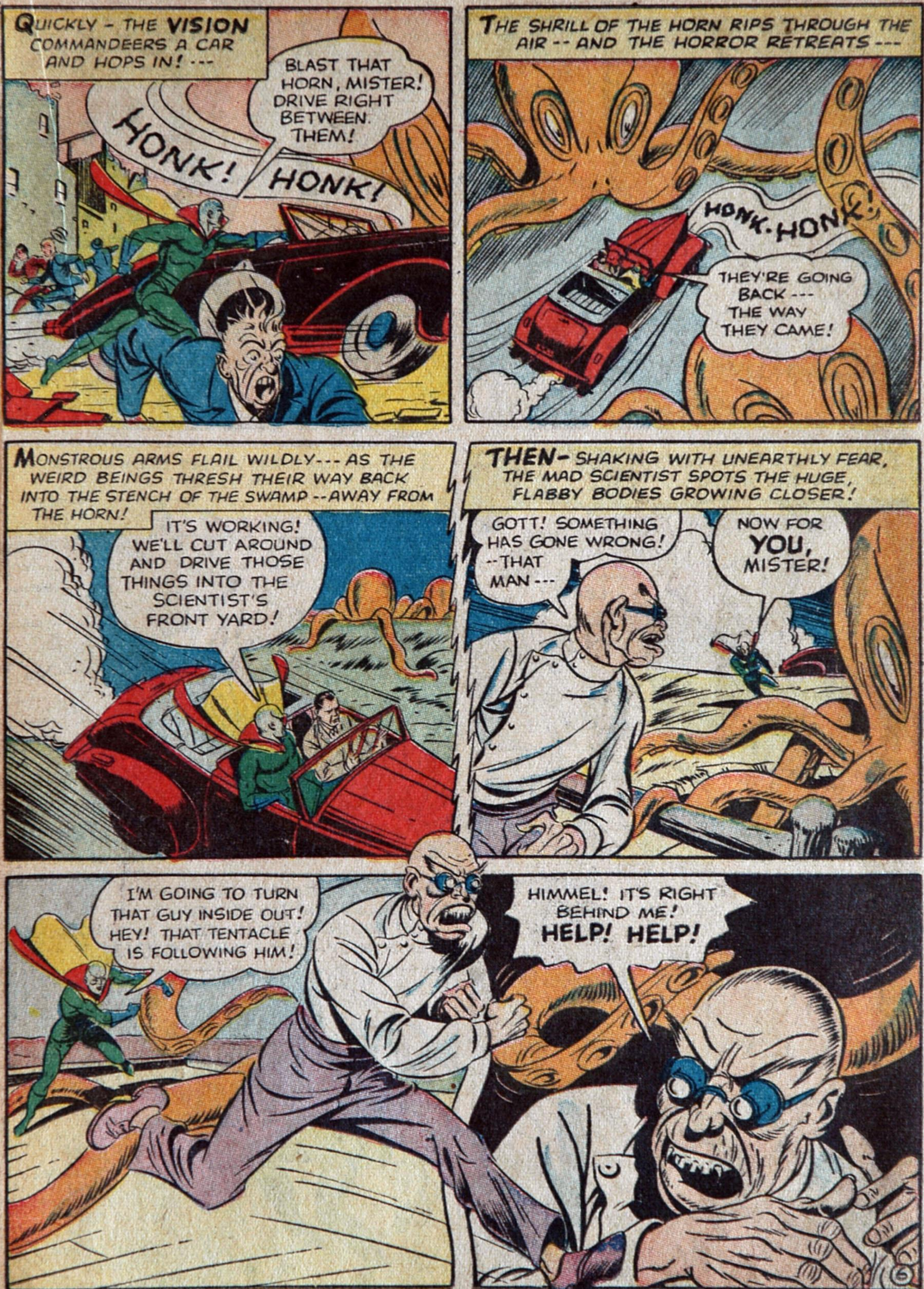

GHASTLY GREY TENTACLES RIP INTO A CITY! HUGE EYES OF DEATH LEER DOWN ON THE DESTRUCTION, WHILE, ABOVE ALL, THE FIENDISH FACE OF A MADMAN SCIENTIST SHRIEKS HIS LAUGH OF TERROR! --- A JOB FOR THE VISION!


IN A SWAMPY, FOG-FILLED VALLEY ON THE NEW JERSEY COAST STANDS A RAMSHACKLE OLD MANSION ... THE LABORATORY OF A MAD SCIENTIST!
INSIDE---
SOON THIS COUNTRY WILL SQUIRM UNDER THE HEEL OF OUR GREAT LEADER! NOW, WHERE ARE MY PETS?
YOU, LITTLE ONES, WILL TERRORIZE THE PEOPLE SO THEY WILL GIVE IN WITHOUT A FIGHT!
WITHIN THE BOWL ... THREE HORRIBLE CREATURES OF DEATH!--- SAUCER-LIKE EYES STARE BLANKLY FROM BLOATED BODIES! ... OCTOPI!
AND NOW FOR MY GREAT EXPERIMENT! IN A FEW HOURS, YOU WILL BE BIG ENOUGH TO WRECK A BATTLESHIP!
EYES AFLAME WITH POWER-LUST, THE MADMAN DISENGAGES THE BOWL AND DASHES TO A SPEEDBOAT MOORED BEHIND THE HOUSE...
GREEN BUBBLES OF GAS RUN THROUGH THE BOWL. THE OCTOPI WRITHE IN A MAD FRENZY AS THE GAS BEGINS TO HAVE EFFECT!
THERE! THAT DOES IT!
AHH! ONLY A FEW MOMENTS MORE!
SHOOTING ALONG AT A TERRIFIC RATE, THE SPEEDBOAT ENTERS NEW YORK HARBOR...
THE END HAS COME FOR THESE SHIPS!
2

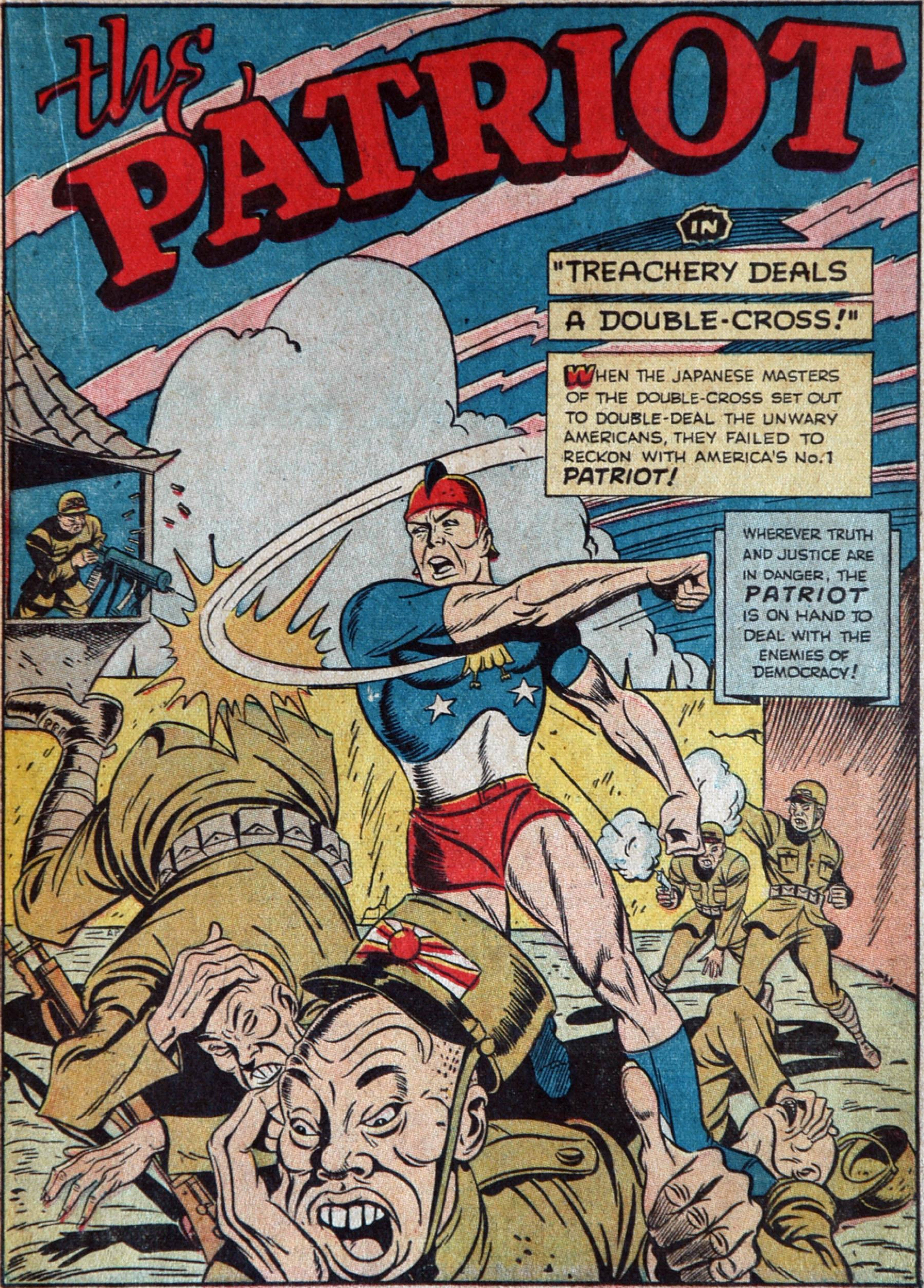

GO--NOW--- KILL! --- KILL! THE FATHERLAND WILL REWARD ME WELL FOR THIS!
JUST IN TIME! FOR THE OCTOPI, HAVING BREATHED THE GREEN GAS, INCREASE IN SIZE, UNTIL THEY SHATTER THE GLASS BOWL!
X
HOURS LATER, A WEIRD, HORRIBLE MONSTER RISES FROM THE BAY! A GIANT TENTACLE SNAKES OUT AND GRABS A SHIP!
YE GODS! LOOK!
RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!
TERROR RUNS RAMPANT! MEN DIE, SHIPS AND DOCKS GO DOWN UNDER THE DEVILISH MONSTROSITIES!
THE PLANES! HERE COME THE BOMBERS!
THIS'LL BE THE END OF THEM!
HEAVY BOMBS BLAST THE UNEARTHLY CREATURES TO BITS! THE HARBOR IS LITTERED WITH FRAGMENTS OF THEIR SHATTERED BODIES!
HURRAY! THAT FINISHED 'EM!
I WONDER HOW THEY GOT IN HERE IN THE FIRST PLACE?
IT WORKED! MY EXPERIMENT IS A SUCCESS! NEXT, I WILL MAKE THEM LAND CREATURES ··· THEN SEE WHAT HAVOC THEY WILL BRING!
3

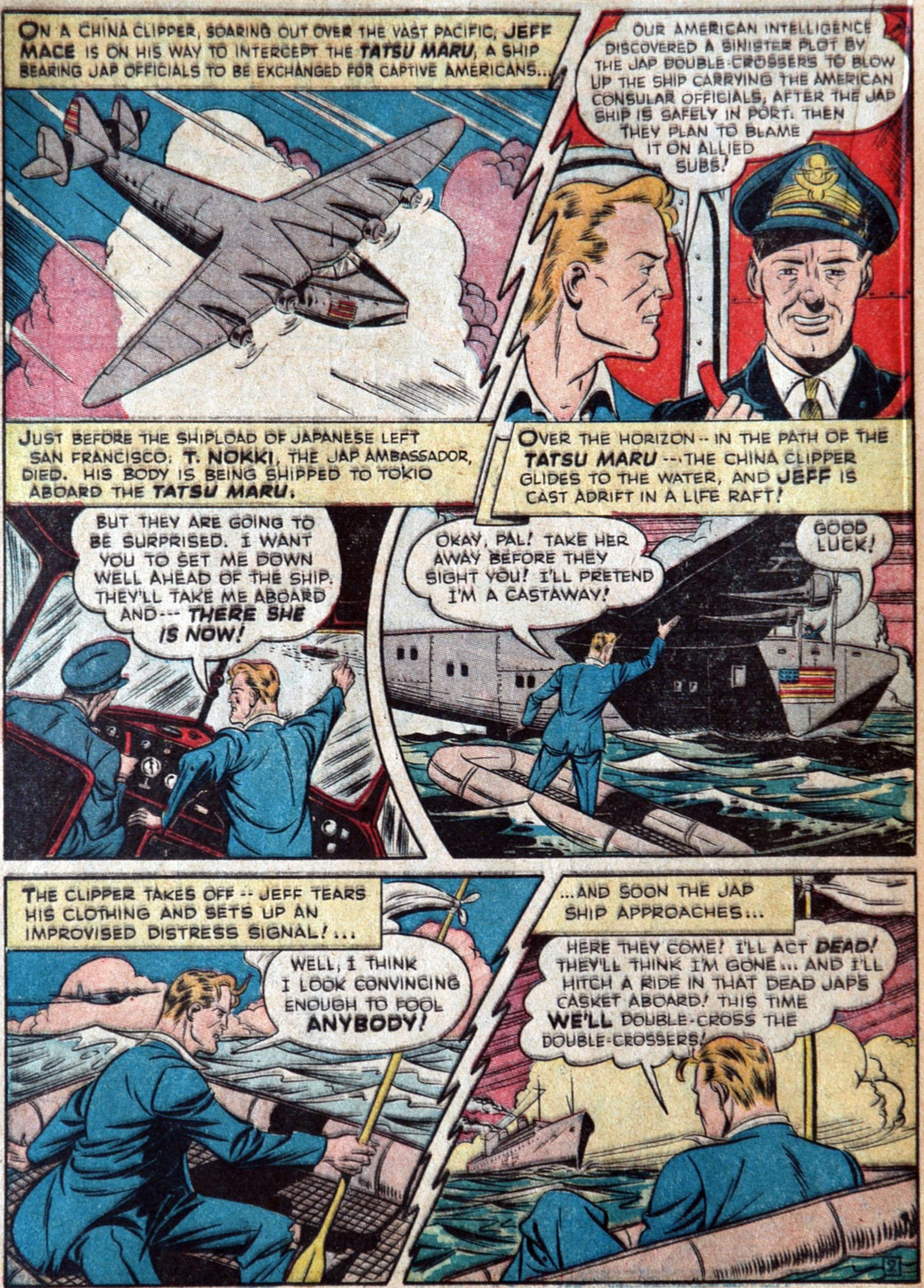
QUICKLY, HE REPEATS THE EXPERIMENT AND, IN THE SWAMPY VALLEY, THE MAD GENIUS RELEASES THREE MORE OCTOPI!
GO, LITTLE ONES! TO THE CITY! DESTROY EVERYTHING! YOU WILL BE TOO BIG TO KILL!
Then... OUT OF THE SWIRLING FOG COMES THE VISION TO ANSWER THIS HIDEOUS CHALLENGE TO AMERICA'S SAFETY!
I'LL TWIST YOUR UGLY HEAD FROM YOUR BODY!
WHAT TH--?
YOU MAD DOG! I OUGHT TO FEED YOU TO ONE OF THE THINGS YOU'VE USED TO KILL OTHERS!
AGGRR!
BOMP!
SAY!... THOSE OCTOPI ARE GETTING BIGGER ALL THE TIME-- AND THEY'RE MOVING ON THE CITY! I'LL HAVE TO STOP THAT!
I'M TOO LATE! THEY'VE ALREADY STARTED!
RACING AFTER THE GROTESQUE BEINGS, THE VISION SPOTS THEM AT THEIR WORK OF DEATH!
IT'S GRABBED A WOMAN!
HELP! HELP ME!
4

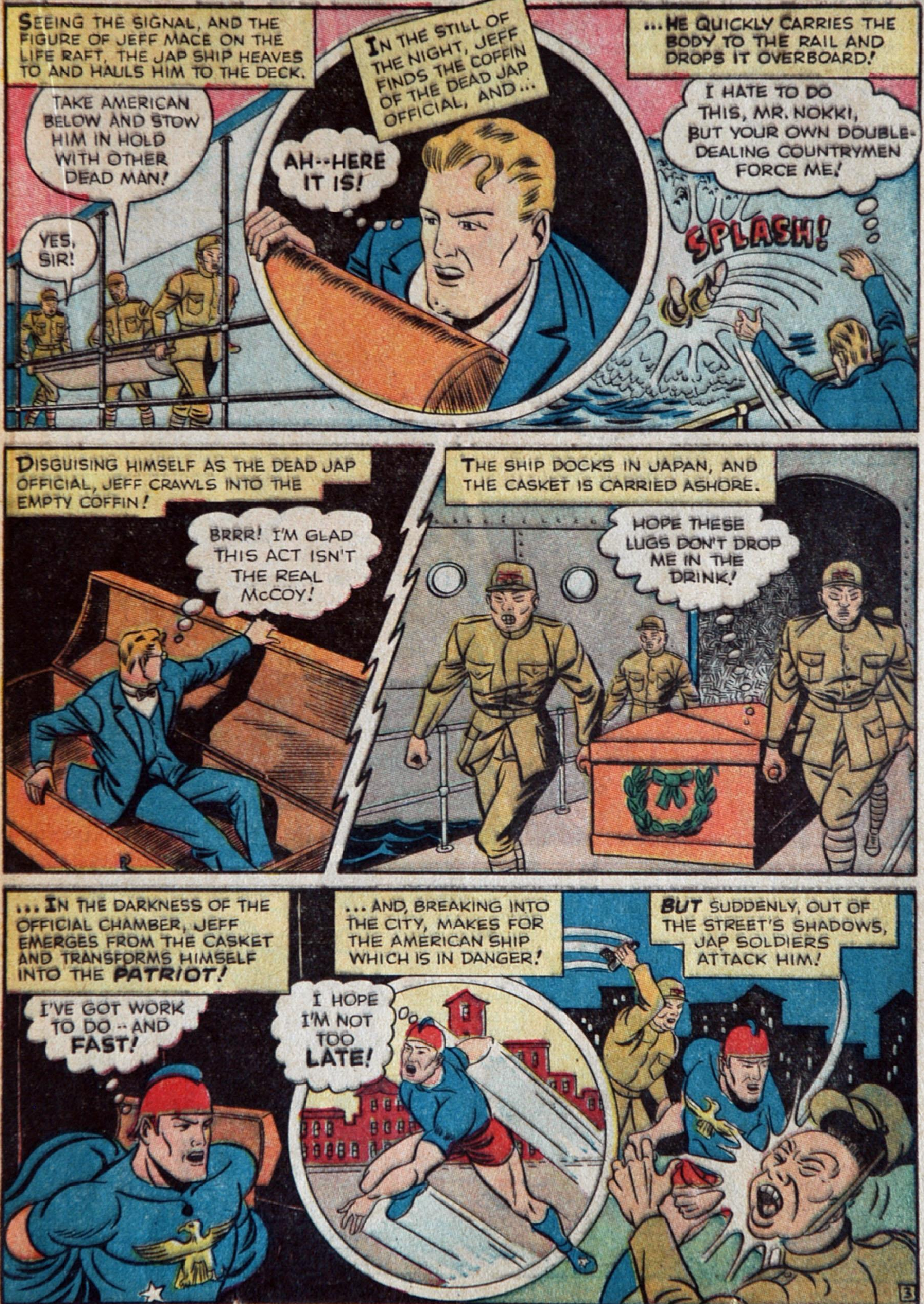
BRAIN-RACING TO THWART THE MONSTER, THE **VISION** SNATCHES UP A FALLEN AX. ...
I'LL GET YOU OUT OF THIS!
EEE-EE! HURRY!
THE AX FLASHES AND COMPLETELY SEVERS THE TENTACLES!
IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN THAT TO KILL THIS THING!
ENRAGED, THE OCTOPUS REACHES OUT TWO SNAKE-LIKE TENTACLES! ---
I'LL POLISH YOU OFF ---
--- AND THE AX SINKS DEEPLY INTO THE GLARING EYE!
THAT SHOULD SLOW YOU DOWN A BIT!
ZING...
JUST THEN-- A CAR RACES TOWARD THE OCTOPUS WITH THE HORN GOING FULL BLAST!
HONK!
HOLY SMOKE! THE OCTOPUS IS SHRINKING BACK FROM THE SOUND OF THE HORN! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!


QUICKLY - THE VISION COMMANDEERS A CAR AND HOPS IN! ---
BLAST THAT HORN, MISTER! DRIVE RIGHT BETWEEN THEM!
HONK! HONK!
THE SHRILL OF THE HORN RIPS THROUGH THE AIR -- AND THE HORROR RETREATS ---
HONK-HONK!
THEY'RE GOING BACK --- THE WAY THEY CAME!
MONSTROUS ARMS FLAIL WILDLY--- AS THE WEIRD BEINGS THRESH THEIR WAY BACK INTO THE STENCH OF THE SWAMP --AWAY FROM THE HORN!
IT'S WORKING! WE'LL CUT AROUND AND DRIVE THOSE THINGS INTO THE SCIENTIST'S FRONT YARD!
THEN- SHAKING WITH UNEARTHLY FEAR, THE MAD SCIENTIST SPOTS THE HUGE, FLABBY BODIES GROWING CLOSER!
GOTT! SOMETHING HAS GONE WRONG! --THAT MAN ---
NOW FOR YOU, MISTER!
I'M GOING TO TURN THAT GUY INSIDE OUT! HEY! THAT TENTACLE IS FOLLOWING HIM!
HIMMEL! IT'S RIGHT BEHIND ME! HELP! HELP!
6

BUT THE UGLY, SUCKER-LINED ARM WHIPS ABOUT THE BODY OF THE MADMAN ---
AH-OOOH!
OUT OF THE GREY FOG SEEPING IN THE DOORWAY, MATERIALIZES THE VISION! --- OVERHEAD, MOTORS THROB!
HE'S DONE FOR! AND PLANES FLYING OVER THE PLACE! I'LL GIVE THEM A TARGET!
TERRIBLE DEATH SLASHES THROUGH THE ROOM, BUT THE VISION NIMBLY DODGES!
THAT OIL LAMP!
FLAMING OIL SPLATTERS AROUND THE ROOM ...
THOSE PLANES CAN'T MISS NOW! HERE'S WHERE I LEAVE!
IN A MOMENT THE ENTIRE COUNTRYSIDE IS ABLAZE WITH LIGHT!
HERE COME THE BOMBERS! IF I DON'T MAKE TRACKS NOW, I'M SUNK!
THUNDERING CRASHES ROCK THE EARTH --- AND THE OCTOPI ARE TORN TO PIECES!
BOOM!
AND BACK AGAIN TO THE LAND OF SMOKE AND MISTS -- READY TO MEET ANOTHER CHALLENGE TO AMERICA'S DEMOCRACY -- GOES THE VISION!
WHEN I'M NEEDED, I'LL BE BACK!
Next month... THE VISION RETURNS TO THRILL WITH ANOTHER WEIRD ADVENTURE IN HIS BATTLE TO KEEP THESE SHORES FREE!

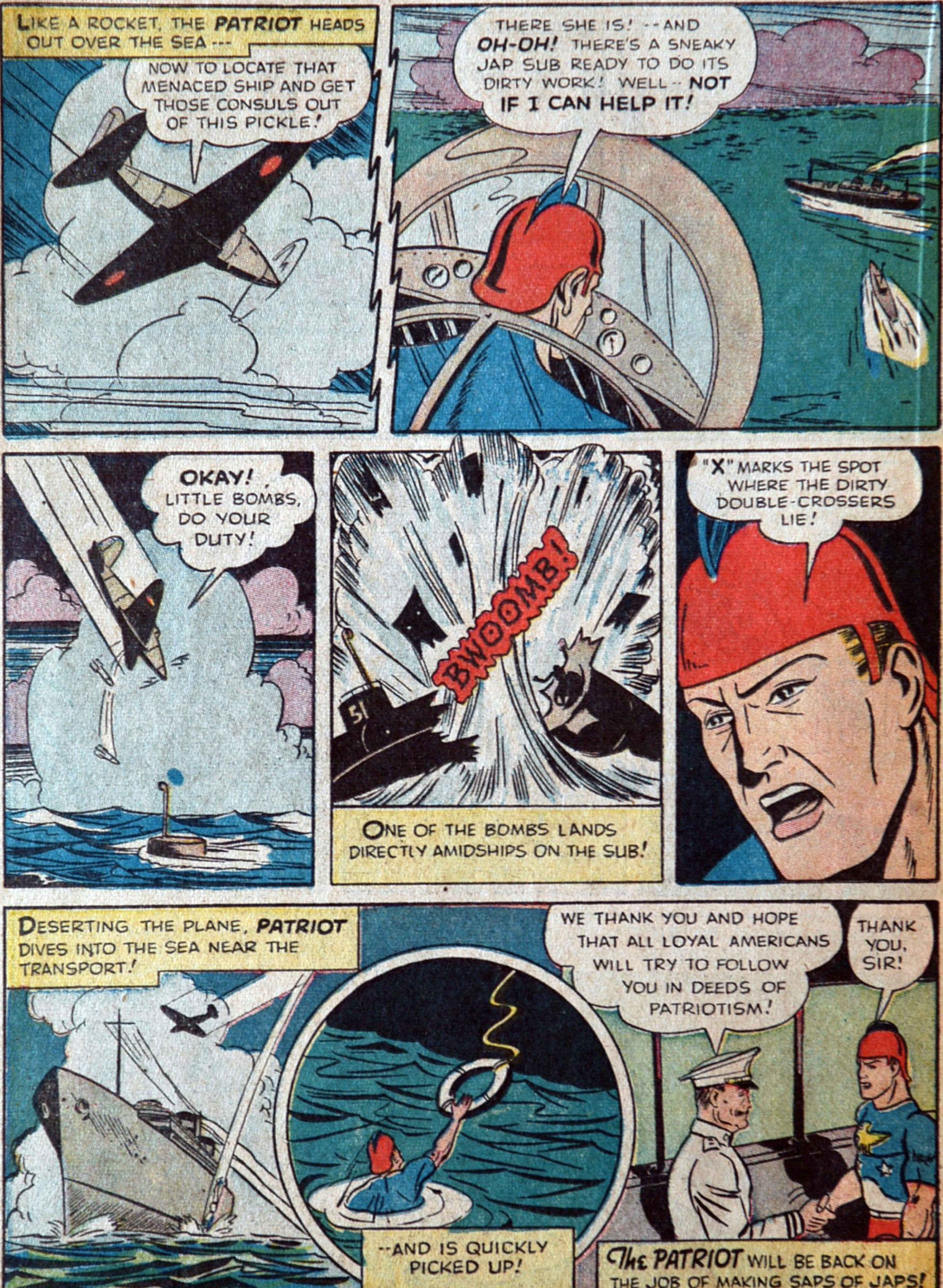

the PATRIOT
IN
"TREACHERY DEALS A DOUBLE-CROSS!"
WHEN THE JAPANESE MASTERS OF THE DOUBLE-CROSS SET OUT TO DOUBLE-DEAL THE UNWARY AMERICANS, THEY FAILED TO RECKON WITH AMERICA'S No. 1 PATRIOT!
WHEREVER TRUTH AND JUSTICE ARE IN DANGER, THE PATRIOT IS ON HAND TO DEAL WITH THE ENEMIES OF DEMOCRACY!

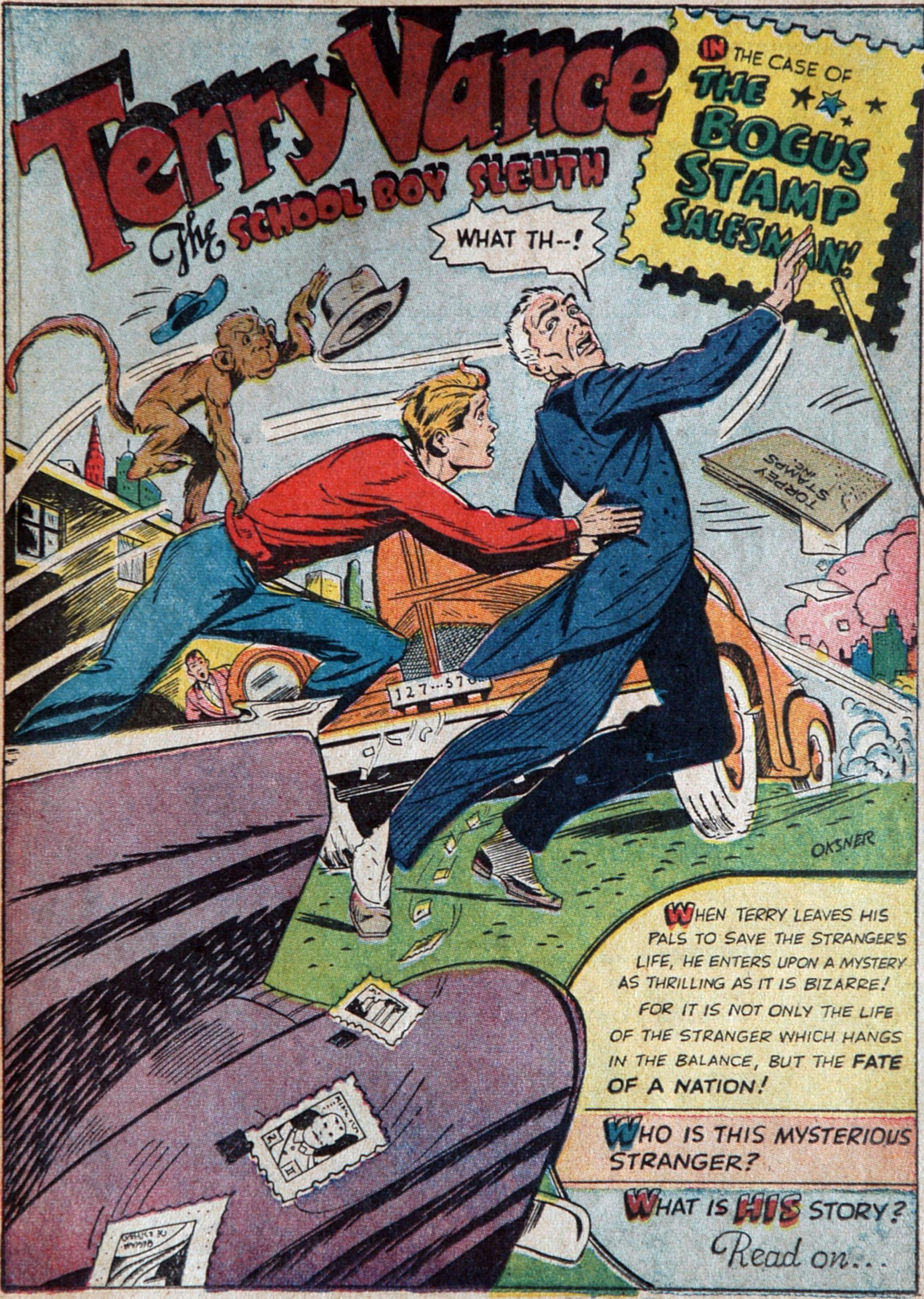

ON A CHINA CLIPPER, SOARING OUT OVER THE VAST PACIFIC, JEFF MACE IS ON HIS WAY TO INTERCEPT THE TATSU MARU, A SHIP BEARING JAP OFFICIALS TO BE EXCHANGED FOR CAPTIVE AMERICANS...
OUR AMERICAN INTELLIGENCE DISCOVERED A SINISTER PLOT BY THE JAP DOUBLE-CROSSERS TO BLOW UP THE SHIP CARRYING THE AMERICAN CONSULAR OFFICIALS, AFTER THE JAP SHIP IS SAFELY IN PORT. THEN THEY PLAN TO BLAME IT ON ALLIED SUBS!
JUST BEFORE THE SHIPLOAD OF JAPANESE LEFT SAN FRANCISCO, T. NOKKI, THE JAP AMBASSADOR, DIED. HIS BODY IS BEING SHIPPED TO TOKIO ABOARD THE TATSU MARU.
BUT THEY ARE GOING TO BE SURPRISED. I WANT YOU TO SET ME DOWN WELL AHEAD OF THE SHIP. THEY'LL TAKE ME ABOARD AND--- THERE SHE IS NOW!
OVER THE HORIZON -- IN THE PATH OF THE TATSU MARU ---THE CHINA CLIPPER GLIDES TO THE WATER, AND JEFF IS CAST ADRIFT IN A LIFE RAFT!
OKAY, PAL! TAKE HER AWAY BEFORE THEY SIGHT YOU! I'LL PRETEND I'M A CASTAWAY!
GOOD LUCK!
THE CLIPPER TAKES OFF -- JEFF TEARS HIS CLOTHING AND SETS UP AN IMPROVISED DISTRESS SIGNAL! ...
WELL, I THINK I LOOK CONVINCING ENOUGH TO FOOL ANYBODY!
...AND SOON THE JAP SHIP APPROACHES...
HERE THEY COME! I'LL ACT DEAD! THEY'LL THINK I'M GONE ... AND I'LL HITCH A RIDE IN THAT DEAD JAP'S CASKET ABOARD! THIS TIME WE'LL DOUBLE-CROSS THE DOUBLE-CROSSERS!


SEEING THE SIGNAL, AND THE FIGURE OF JEFF MACE ON THE LIFE RAFT, THE JAP SHIP HEAVES TO AND HAULS HIM TO THE DECK.
TAKE AMERICAN BELOW AND STOW HIM IN HOLD WITH OTHER DEAD MAN!
YES, SIR!
IN THE STILL OF THE NIGHT, JEFF FINDS THE COFFIN OF THE DEAD JAP OFFICIAL, AND...
AH--HERE IT IS!
...HE QUICKLY CARRIES THE BODY TO THE RAIL AND DROPS IT OVERBOARD!
I HATE TO DO THIS, MR. NOKKI, BUT YOUR OWN DOUBLE-DEALING COUNTRYMEN FORCE ME!
SPLASH!
DISGUISING HIMSELF AS THE DEAD JAP OFFICIAL, JEFF CRAWLS INTO THE EMPTY COFFIN!
BRRR! I'M GLAD THIS ACT ISN'T THE REAL McCOY!
THE SHIP DOCKS IN JAPAN, AND THE CASKET IS CARRIED ASHORE.
HOPE THESE LUGS DON'T DROP ME IN THE DRINK!
...IN THE DARKNESS OF THE OFFICIAL CHAMBER, JEFF EMERGES FROM THE CASKET AND TRANSFORMS HIMSELF INTO THE PATRIOT!
I'VE GOT WORK TO DO--AND FAST!
...AND, BREAKING INTO THE CITY, MAKES FOR THE AMERICAN SHIP WHICH IS IN DANGER!
I HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE!
BUT SUDDENLY, OUT OF THE STREET'S SHADOWS, JAP SOLDIERS ATTACK HIM!

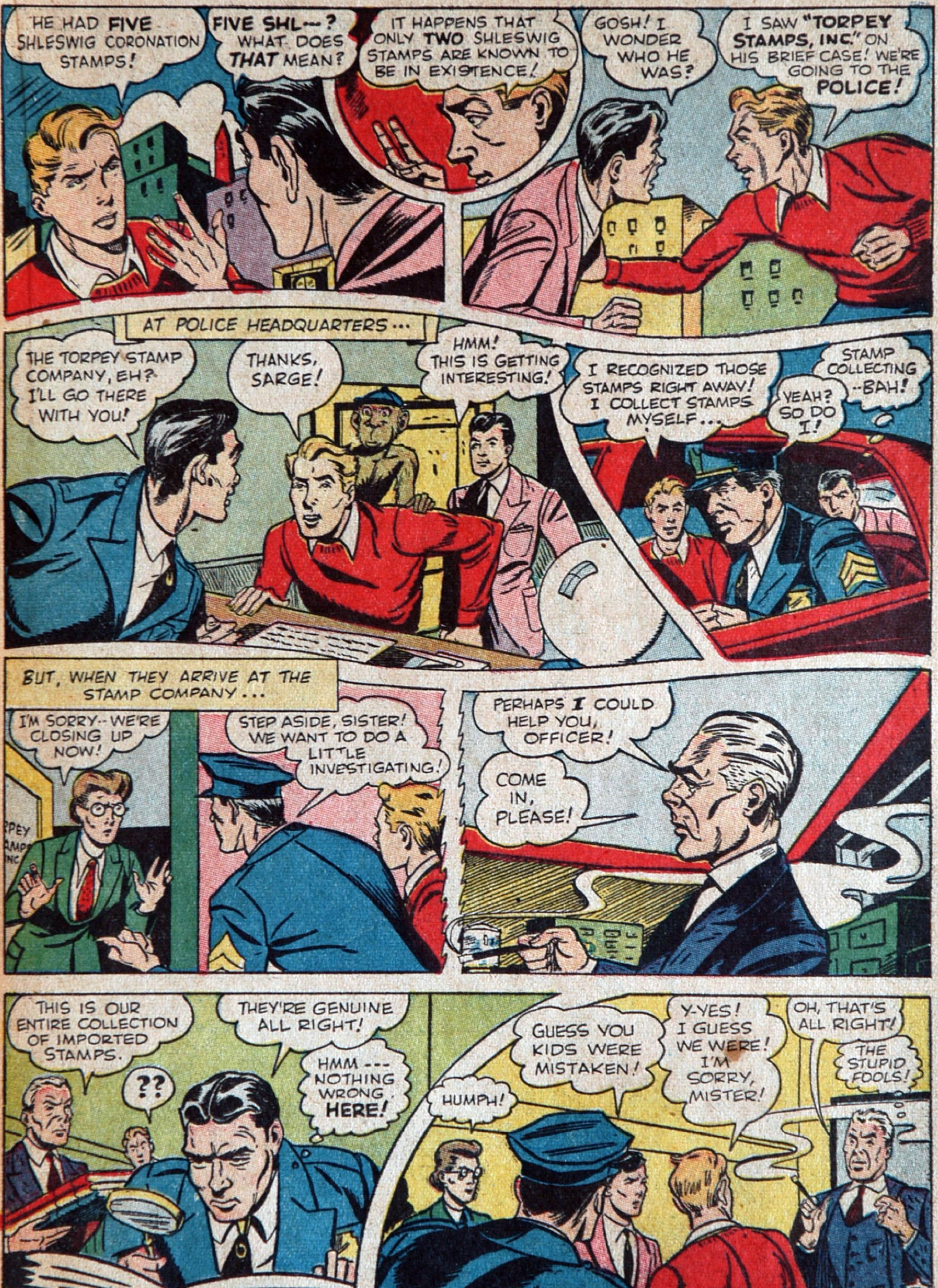
BITE THE DUST, YOU NIPPONESE CUR!
UGH!
SHUT YOUR TRAPS, YOU DIRTY JAPS!
BAM!
ATTRACTED BY THE NOISE OF THE STRUGGLE, HORDES OF THE LITTLE MEN BEAR DOWN ON THE PATRIOT!
OVERWHELMED BY EXCESSIVE ODDS, HE IS THROWN INTO A CONCENTRATION CAMP!.
FELLAS, YOU'RE GOING TO FIND OUT THAT AN AMERICAN IS LIKE A LION! ... ONCE YOU GRAB HOLD, DON'T EVER LET GO! OR ELSE!
THE PATRIOT WATCHES HIS CHANCE IN THE PRISON CELL-- AND WHEN A CARELESS GUARD GETS TOO CLOSE TO THE BARS--
I'LL TAKE THOSE KEYS AND THAT UNIFORM, CHUM!
IN THE UNIFORM OF THE JAP GUARD, THE PATRIOT SLIPS PAST THE CAMP SOLDIERS!
NOW, IF I'M NOT TOO LATE, I'LL WARN THE AMERICANS OF THEIR DANGER!
HE CLIMBS STEALTHILY UP THE WALL TO THE TOWER--AND CLIPS THE GUARD!
WHAM
4

QUICKLY, BEFORE THE SOLDIERS DISCOVER THAT HE IS AN IMPOSTER, THE PATRIOT LEAPS TO THE GROUND AND FREEDOM!
FREEDOM! BOY! THAT'S WORTH FIGHTING FOR ANY DAY!
STILL MISTAKEN FOR A JAP SOLDIER, THE PATRIOT SNEAKS THROUGH THE VILLAGE, AND REACHES AN ARMY AIRPORT!
HOT DIGGITY DOG! A BREAK AT LAST! AN AIRPORT WITH A SQUAD OF JAP PLANES ON THE LINE!
HA-HA!. HERE'S A DIVE BOMBER ALL WARMED UP AND READY TO GO!
PATRIOT LEAPS TOWARD THE COCKPIT OF THE WAITING PLANE, AND---
WE'RE GOING TO CHANGE PLACES, SONNY BOY! I'M TAKING OVER!
--AND YOU'RE GOING TO SLEEP!
UGGG!
SHOVING THE JAP OUT, PATRIOT LEAPS IN AND TAKES THE PLANE OFF THE FIELD.
I'M GLAD TO GET THAT FILTHY JAP UNIFORM OFF! --OH-HO! A JAP PURSUIT PLANE ON MY TAIL!
AS HE WHIPS HIS PLANE AROUND, PATRIOT LET'S LOOSE A BURST FROM HIS MACHINE-GUN--AND THE JAP PURSUIT PLANE ON HIS TAIL BLOWS UP IN MID-AIR!
BOOM!

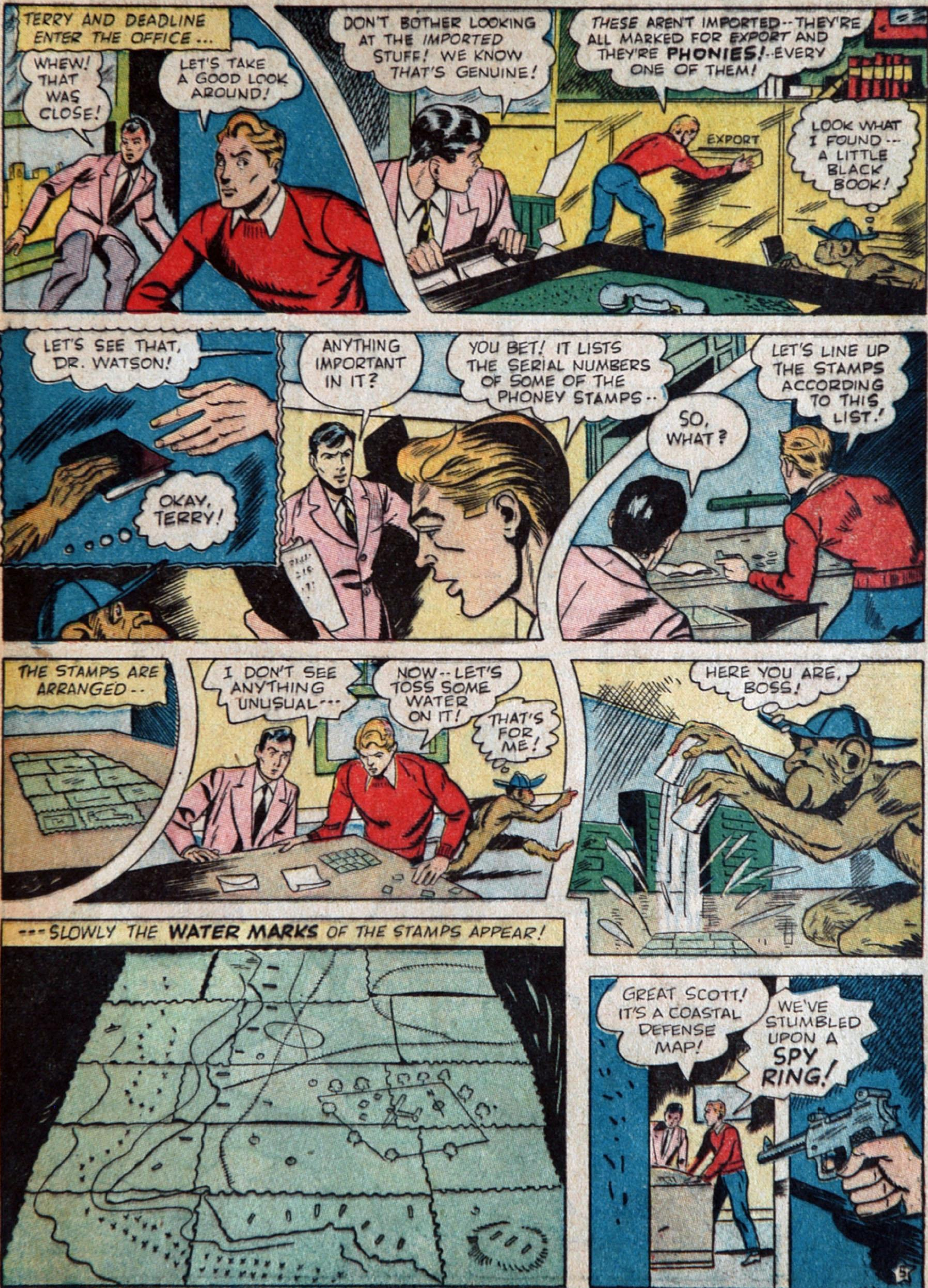

LIKE A ROCKET, THE PATRIOT HEADS OUT OVER THE SEA ---
NOW TO LOCATE THAT MENACED SHIP AND GET THOSE CONSULS OUT OF THIS PICKLE!
THERE SHE IS! --AND OH-OH! THERE'S A SNEAKY JAP SUB READY TO DO ITS DIRTY WORK! WELL-- NOT IF I CAN HELP IT!
OKAY! LITTLE BOMBS, DO YOUR DUTY!
BWOOMB!
51
ONE OF THE BOMBS LANDS DIRECTLY AMIDSHIPS ON THE SUB!
"X" MARKS THE SPOT WHERE THE DIRTY DOUBLE-CROSSERS LIE!
DESERTING THE PLANE, PATRIOT DIVES INTO THE SEA NEAR THE TRANSPORT!
--AND IS QUICKLY PICKED UP!
WE THANK YOU AND HOPE THAT ALL LOYAL AMERICANS WILL TRY TO FOLLOW YOU IN DEEDS OF PATRIOTISM!
THANK YOU, SIR!
The PATRIOT WILL BE BACK ON THE JOB OF MAKING SAPS OF JAPS! IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF MARVEL COMICS!

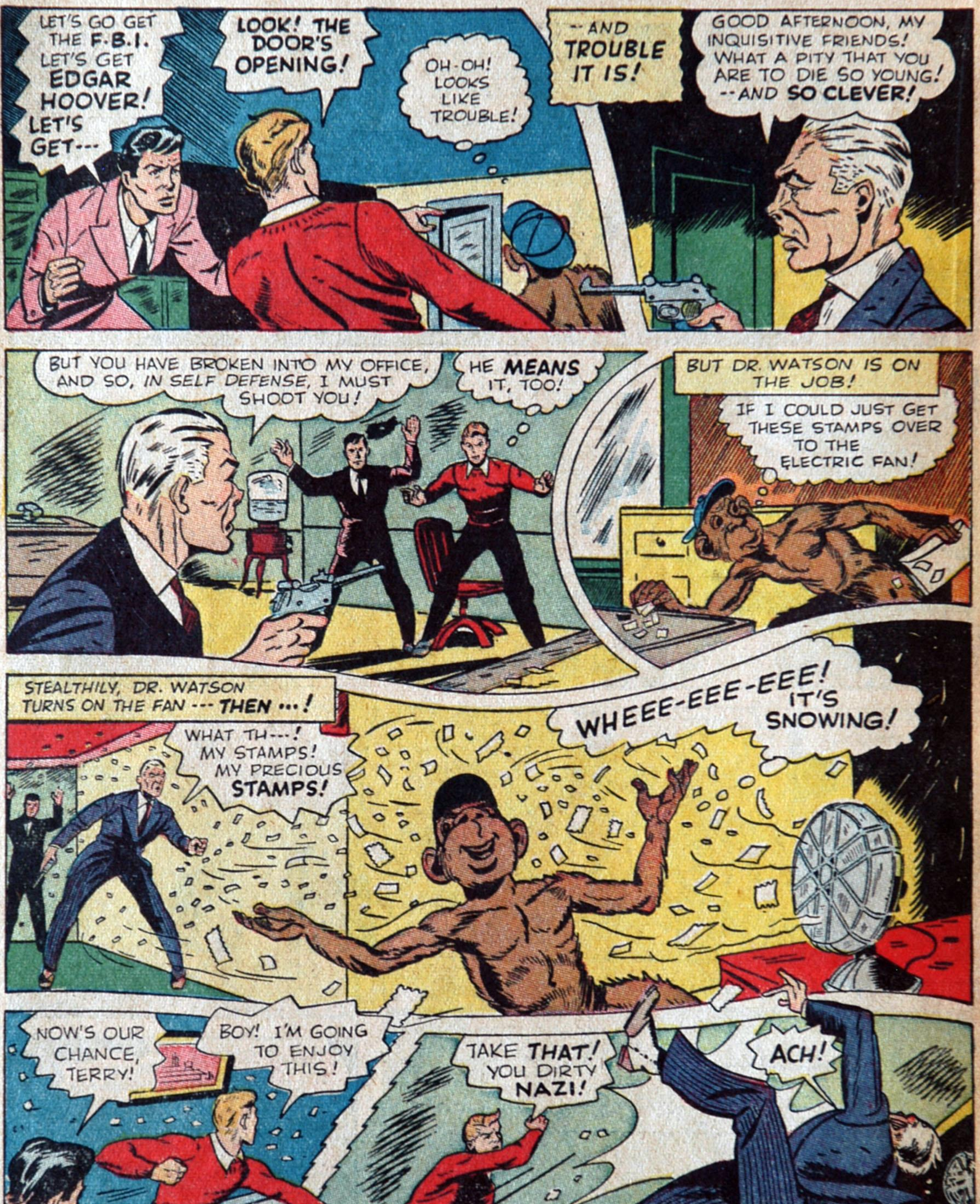

Terry Vance
The School Boy Sleuth
In the case of The Bogus Stamp Salesman!
WHAT TH--!
TORPEY STAMPS INC.
127...570
OKSNER
WHEN TERRY LEAVES HIS PALS TO SAVE THE STRANGER'S LIFE, HE ENTERS UPON A MYSTERY AS THRILLING AS IT IS BIZARRE! FOR IT IS NOT ONLY THE LIFE OF THE STRANGER WHICH HANGS IN THE BALANCE, BUT THE FATE OF A NATION!
WHO IS THIS MYSTERIOUS STRANGER?
WHAT IS HIS STORY?
Read on...

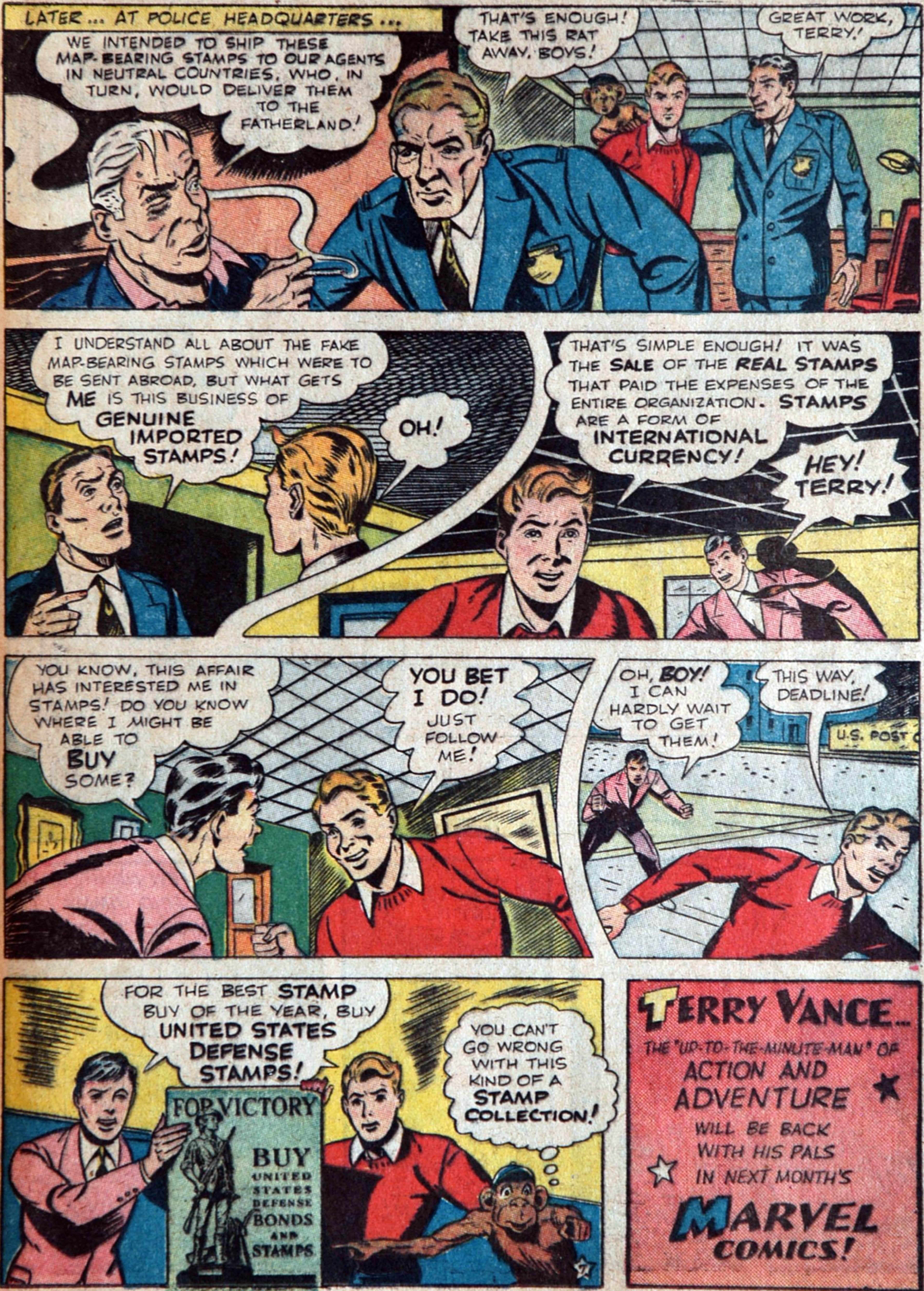
TERRY, ARE YOU HURT?
TSK-TSK! ALWAYS GETTING INTO SITUATIONS!
I'M OKAY! COME ON! HELP US PICK THIS MAN'S STUFF UP! I SAVED HIS LIFE BUT SCATTERED HIS PAPERS ALL OVER THE PLACE!
I'LL HELP YOU PICK THEM UP!
NO! HELP **HIM** UP! ... SAY.. THESE STAMPS! THEY'RE --
I'LL TROUBLE YOU FOR THOSE **STAMPS!**
GET AWAY FROM ME YOU MEDDLERS! I'LL TAKE CARE OF MYSELF!
OUCH!
WHACK!
HEY!
WHAT **IS** THIS? A GAME OF **TEN PINS?**
IN THE FUTURE MIND YOUR **OWN** BUSINESS!
? ? ?
TORPEY STAMPS INC.
WHY -- THAT **UNGRATEFUL ---**
HOLD IT, DEADLINE! THERE'S A GOOD REASON FOR HIS BEING IN A HURRY! AND I THINK I **KNOW** WHAT IT IS!


HE HAD FIVE SHLESWIG CORONATION STAMPS!
FIVE SHL--? WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?
IT HAPPENS THAT ONLY TWO SHLESWIG STAMPS ARE KNOWN TO BE IN EXISTENCE!
GOSH! I WONDER WHO HE WAS?
I SAW "TORPEY STAMPS, INC." ON HIS BRIEF CASE! WE'RE GOING TO THE POLICE!
AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...
THE TORPEY STAMP COMPANY, EH? I'LL GO THERE WITH YOU!
THANKS, SARGE!
HMM! THIS IS GETTING INTERESTING!
I RECOGNIZED THOSE STAMPS RIGHT AWAY! I COLLECT STAMPS MYSELF...
YEAH? SO DO I!
STAMP COLLECTING --BAH!
BUT, WHEN THEY ARRIVE AT THE STAMP COMPANY...
I'M SORRY-- WE'RE CLOSING UP NOW!
STEP ASIDE, SISTER! WE WANT TO DO A LITTLE INVESTIGATING!
PERHAPS I COULD HELP YOU, OFFICER!
COME IN, PLEASE!
THIS IS OUR ENTIRE COLLECTION OF IMPORTED STAMPS.
??
THEY'RE GENUINE ALL RIGHT!
HMM --- NOTHING WRONG HERE!
GUESS YOU KIDS WERE MISTAKEN!
HUMPH!
Y-YES! I GUESS WE WERE! I'M SORRY, MISTER!
OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT!
THE STUPID FOOLS!

YOU AND YOUR STAMPS! THIS IS ONE TIME WHEN YOU MUST BE WRONG!
SOMETHING **MUST** BE WRONG UP THERE, DEADLINE -- AND I'M **NOT** GOING TO STOP UNTIL I **FIND OUT WHAT IT IS!**
THAT'S THE STUFF, KID!
ARE YOU COMING?
YES, I'LL STICK! .. BUT WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
TO PAY OUR FRIEND AN UNEXPECTED VISIT! COME ON!
THE OFFICE IS DIRECTLY BELOW -- IF WE COULD LOWER OURSELVES DOWN FROM HERE ---
YEAH, BUT HOW CAN WE? THERE ISN'T MUCH OF A WINDOW LEDGE -- AND WE HAVEN'T ANY ROPE!
OKAY! THEN WE'LL MAKE A ROPE! TAKE OFF YOUR BELT, DEADLINE!
GOSH! WHAT NEXT?
OH, I MIGHT HAVE **KNOWN**! DR WATSON TO THE RESCUE!
PSST! PSST!
CHK! CHK!
DR. WATSON IS LOWERED AND HE FOLLOWS TERRY'S DIRECTIONS!
IT WON'T BE LONG NOW!
GEE! I HOPE OUR BELTS DON'T SLIP!
NOW -- TO OPEN THIS WINDOW!
FURTHER FOLLOWING INSTRUCTIONS, DR. WATSON PREPARES A LEDGE ...
NICE WORK!
CLEVER, EH?


TERRY AND DEADLINE ENTER THE OFFICE...
WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE!
LET'S TAKE A GOOD LOOK AROUND!
DON'T BOTHER LOOKING AT THE IMPORTED STUFF! WE KNOW THAT'S GENUINE!
THESE AREN'T IMPORTED--THEY'RE ALL MARKED FOR EXPORT AND THEY'RE PHONIES!--EVERY ONE OF THEM!
EXPORT
LOOK WHAT I FOUND--A LITTLE BLACK BOOK!
LET'S SEE THAT, DR. WATSON!
OKAY, TERRY!
ANYTHING IMPORTANT IN IT?
YOU BET! IT LISTS THE SERIAL NUMBERS OF SOME OF THE PHONEY STAMPS--
SO, WHAT?
LET'S LINE UP THE STAMPS ACCORDING TO THIS LIST!
THE STAMPS ARE ARRANGED--
I DON'T SEE ANYTHING UNUSUAL---
NOW--LET'S TOSS SOME WATER ON IT!
THAT'S FOR ME!
HERE YOU ARE, BOSS!
---SLOWLY THE WATER MARKS OF THE STAMPS APPEAR!
GREAT SCOTT! IT'S A COASTAL DEFENSE MAP!
WE'VE STUMBLED UPON A SPY RING!


LET'S GO GET THE F.B.I. LET'S GET EDGAR HOOVER! LET'S GET---
LOOK! THE DOOR'S OPENING!
OH-OH! LOOKS LIKE TROUBLE!
--AND TROUBLE IT IS!
GOOD AFTERNOON, MY INQUISITIVE FRIENDS! WHAT A PITY THAT YOU ARE TO DIE SO YOUNG! --AND SO CLEVER!
BUT YOU HAVE BROKEN INTO MY OFFICE, AND SO, IN SELF DEFENSE, I MUST SHOOT YOU!
HE MEANS IT, TOO!
BUT DR. WATSON IS ON THE JOB!
IF I COULD JUST GET THESE STAMPS OVER TO THE ELECTRIC FAN!
STEALTHILY, DR. WATSON TURNS ON THE FAN --- THEN ...!
WHAT TH---! MY STAMPS! MY PRECIOUS STAMPS!
WHEEE-EEE-EEE! IT'S SNOWING!
NOW'S OUR CHANCE, TERRY!
BOY! I'M GOING TO ENJOY THIS!
TAKE THAT! YOU DIRTY NAZI!
ACH!
6


LATER ... AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS ...
WE INTENDED TO SHIP THESE MAP-BEARING STAMPS TO OUR AGENTS IN NEUTRAL COUNTRIES, WHO, IN TURN, WOULD DELIVER THEM TO THE FATHERLAND!
THAT'S ENOUGH! TAKE THIS RAT AWAY, BOYS!
GREAT WORK, TERRY!
I UNDERSTAND ALL ABOUT THE FAKE MAP-BEARING STAMPS WHICH WERE TO BE SENT ABROAD, BUT WHAT GETS ME IS THIS BUSINESS OF GENUINE IMPORTED STAMPS!
OH!
THAT'S SIMPLE ENOUGH! IT WAS THE SALE OF THE REAL STAMPS THAT PAID THE EXPENSES OF THE ENTIRE ORGANIZATION. STAMPS ARE A FORM OF INTERNATIONAL CURRENCY!
HEY! TERRY!
YOU KNOW, THIS AFFAIR HAS INTERESTED ME IN STAMPS! DO YOU KNOW WHERE I MIGHT BE ABLE TO BUY SOME?
YOU BET I DO! JUST FOLLOW ME!
OH, BOY! I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO GET THEM!
THIS WAY, DEADLINE!
U.S. POST
FOR THE BEST STAMP BUY OF THE YEAR, BUY UNITED STATES DEFENSE STAMPS!
YOU CAN'T GO WRONG WITH THIS KIND OF A STAMP COLLECTION!
FOR VICTORY
BUY UNITED STATES DEFENSE BONDS AND STAMPS
TERRY VANCE... THE "UP-TO-THE-MINUTE-MAN" OF ACTION AND ADVENTURE WILL BE BACK WITH HIS PALS IN NEXT MONTH'S MARVEL COMICS!

JIMMY JUPITER

IN the TUNNEL TO CHINA

MY FATHER TOLD ME THAT IF I DUG A HOLE RIGHT STRAIGHT DOWN, I'D COME OUT IN **CHINA**!
AAH --- HE WAS JUST KIDDIN' YA!
YA DON'T B'LIEVE IT, DO YA?
SURE I BELIEVE IT! MY DAD TOLD ME!
AAH -- YOU'RE WACKY!
YEAH -- WHY DON'CHA **TRY** IT? HA! HA!
OKAY! I **WILL** TRY IT!
I'LL SHOW 'EM!
AND SO -- A FEW MINUTES LATER – WE FIND JIMMY HARD AT WORK!
IF I KEEP DIGGING, I'LL GET THERE ALL RIGHT!

TIME PASSES...
HO-HUM -- THIS IS HARD WORK --- THINK I'LL REST FOR A WHILE!
Suddenly! -- THE BOTTOM SEEMS TO FALL OUT OF THE HOLE ...!
HEY!
WHAM!
TSK-TSK! THAT'S NO WAY TO ENTER A PLACE!
HUH?
DID YOU SAY THAT?
YES! TELL ME.. DID YOU SEE ALICE ON YOUR WAY DOWN?
NO... WHO'S ALICE?
THAT'S A SHAME! --- EVERYBODY KNOWS ALICE!
ALICE! OH... ALICE!
ALICE! ARE YOU THERE?
SAY... MR. HARE!
HUH?
CAN YOU TELL ME HOW TO GET TO CHINA?
YOU MEAN -- HOW TO GET SOME CHINA! YOU CAN'T GET TO CHINA, BUT YOU CAN GET SOME CHINA AT THE CHINA SHOP! SAAY --- YOU'RE KINDA STUPID, AINTCHA?
AND WITH THAT, THE HARE DISAPPEARS, LEAVING A SLIGHTLY BEFUDDLED JIMMY!
2

HE WAS CALLING "ALICE"-- HMM-- ALICE? HOLY SMOKES! THIS MUST BE WONDERLAND!
AT LEAST I KNOW WHERE I AM!
--OR, DO I? ... GOSH! WHERE IS WONDERLAND? ... LIKE NEW JERSEY, OR EVEN --- YEAH-- CHINA! I'D BETTER KEEP GOING! --ELSE I MIGHT GET LOST!
IF I WERE IN CHINA, I'D KNOW WHERE I WAS!
GOLLY! ... WHAT'S THAT?
A GIANT CHESS BOARD! I'M GONNA HAVE A LOOK!
WOW!
GOLLY! ... THIS IS ABOUT THE STRANGEST ---
STRANGE? WHAT'S STRANGE? YOU'RE STRANGE! THAT'S WHAT!
GEE WHIZ! A LIVING WHITE CHESS KNIGHT!
AHA! YOU MUST BE A SPY FROM THE BLACK KINGDOM!
HALT!
B-B-BUT I'M NO SPY!
PISH POSH! THE QUEEN WILL SETTLE YOUR HASH IF YOU'RE A SPY, YOU SPY ... YOU FOLLOW ME!
PISH! PISH! POSH! POSH!
2

JIMMY IS LED BEFORE THE KING AND QUEEN!
AHEM!
AHEM? WHO SAID AHEM? GO AWAY! CAN'T YOU SEE WE'RE PLAYING CHESS?
JUST A MINUTE! WHOM HAVE YOU THERE?
A SPY, YOUR MAJESTY!
I'M NOT!
YES, WHO?
A SPY! GOODY! WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A HANGING! PISH-POSH-PISH-POSH!
BUT I'M NOT A SPY, YOUR MAJESTY!
YOU'RE NOT? TELL ME -- ARE YOU FROM OUR KINGDOM?
N-N-NO -- YOUR MAJESTY!
I DON'T LIKE HANGINGS, MYSELF!
AH-HAH! THEN YOU MUST BE FROM THE BLACK KINGDOM!
AND THAT MAKES YOU A SPY!
HAVE HIM HANGED! -- AND CALL THE BISHOP TO HEAR HIS LAST WORDS!
TOO BAD!
YES, YOUR MAJESTY!
?
GULP!
GEE!

A MINUTE LATER, THE BISHOP ENTERS...
OHO! -- SOME LAST WORDS TO BE HEARD -----WHAT?
HE IS A SPY FROM THE BLACK KINGDOM!
WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A HANGING!
HMMM! ...
!
HAW! HE'S NOT BLACK, THOUGH, YOU KNOW!
EXCEPT BEHIND HIS EARS!
QUIET! YOU SHAN'T CHEAT ME OUT OF MY HANGING!
I'LL HANG YOU, TOO!
O'BOY! TWO HANGINGS!
BUT... AT THAT MOMENT!
YOUR MAJESTY! THE BLACKS ARE ATTACKING!
---AND EVERYONE DASHES OUT ONTO THE GIANT CHESSBOARD... TAKING JIMMY WITH THEM!
OHH! I HATE WAR!
HURRY!
GEE WHIZ!
WE MUSTN'T LET THEM BEAT US!
PISH! POSH!
PISH!
5

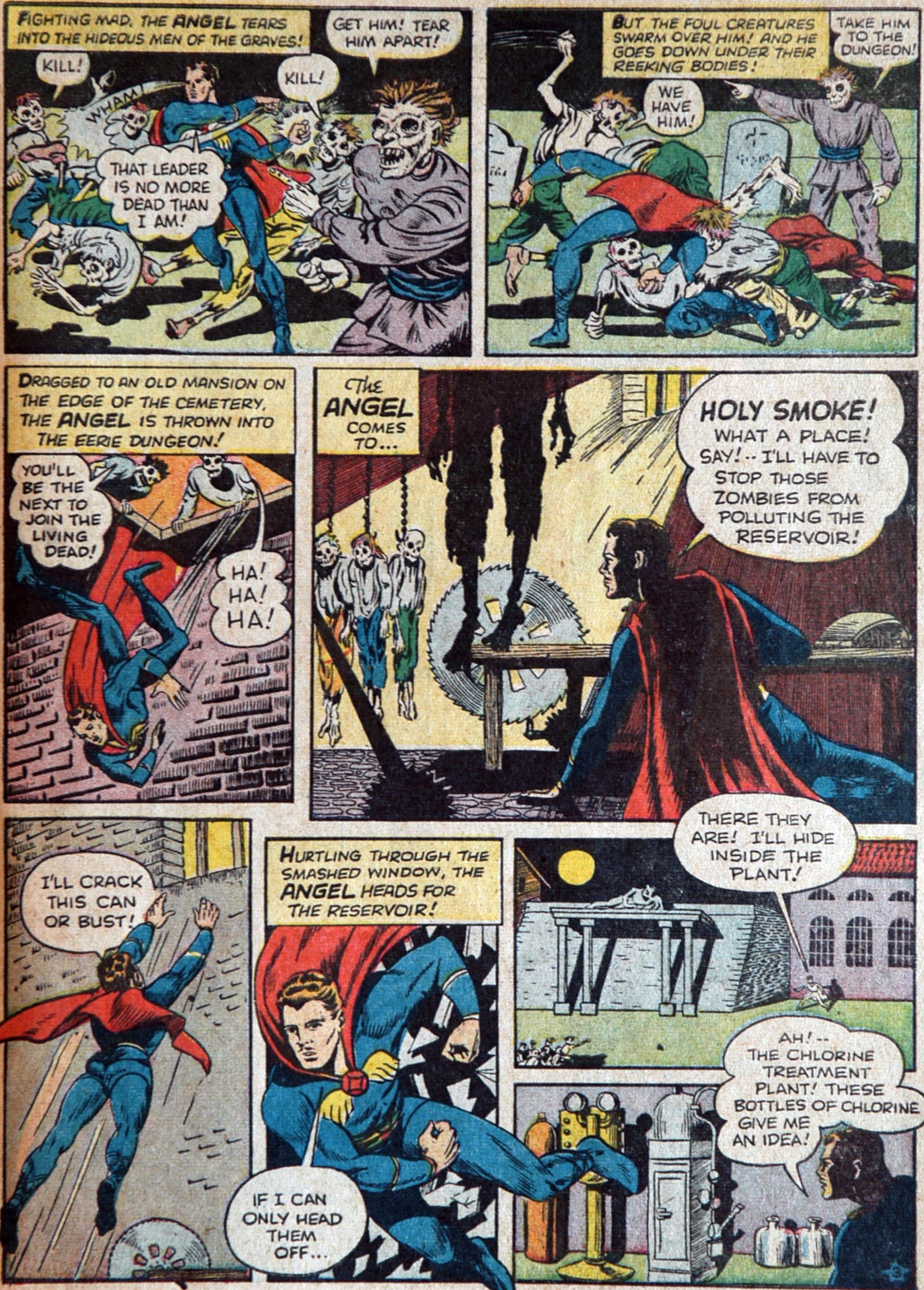
THERE THEY ARE!
TCH! TOO BAD FOR YOU, MY BOY! THIS MAKES YOU. A PRISONER OF WAR!
BUT WON'T YOU LISTEN TO ME? LOOK! LISTEN TO ME! IF I HELP YOU WIN THIS BATTLE, WILL THAT BE PROOF ENOUGH?
AMAZED AT JIMMY'S SUGGESTION, THE ROYAL CHESSMEN HESITATE ··· THEN···
HMM! ··· THE QUEEN'S SILENCE MAKES ME FEEL SHE LIKES THE IDEA ··· SO, AS THE KING, I GIVE YOU PERMISSION TO PROCEED!
GOOD!
LET ME SEE A MAP OF OPERATIONS!
DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT CHESS!
A LITTLE!
QUICKLY, JIMMY IS SHOWN THE MAP!
HMMMMMM
HURRY! HURRY! WE HAVE NO TIME TO LOSE!
IF YOU FAIL, THE QUEEN WILL SEE YOU HANGED!
TALKING IN THE CODE OF CHESS PARLANCE, JIMMY MAPS OUT A BLITZ ...
K.P. TO K.'S 4TH ... K.B. TO Q.B.'S 4TH ... Q. TO K.R.'S 5TH ... Q. TO K.B.'S 7TH ... ··· CHECKMATE!
CHECKMATE? HMMM!
YES, CHECKMATE!
6
IMMEDIATELY ··· JIMMY'S PLAN IS PUT INTO EFFECT ··· AND THE BATTLE IS SOON WON! WITH THE WHITE ARMY VICTORIOUS!
HOORAY! CHECKMATE! WE WIN!

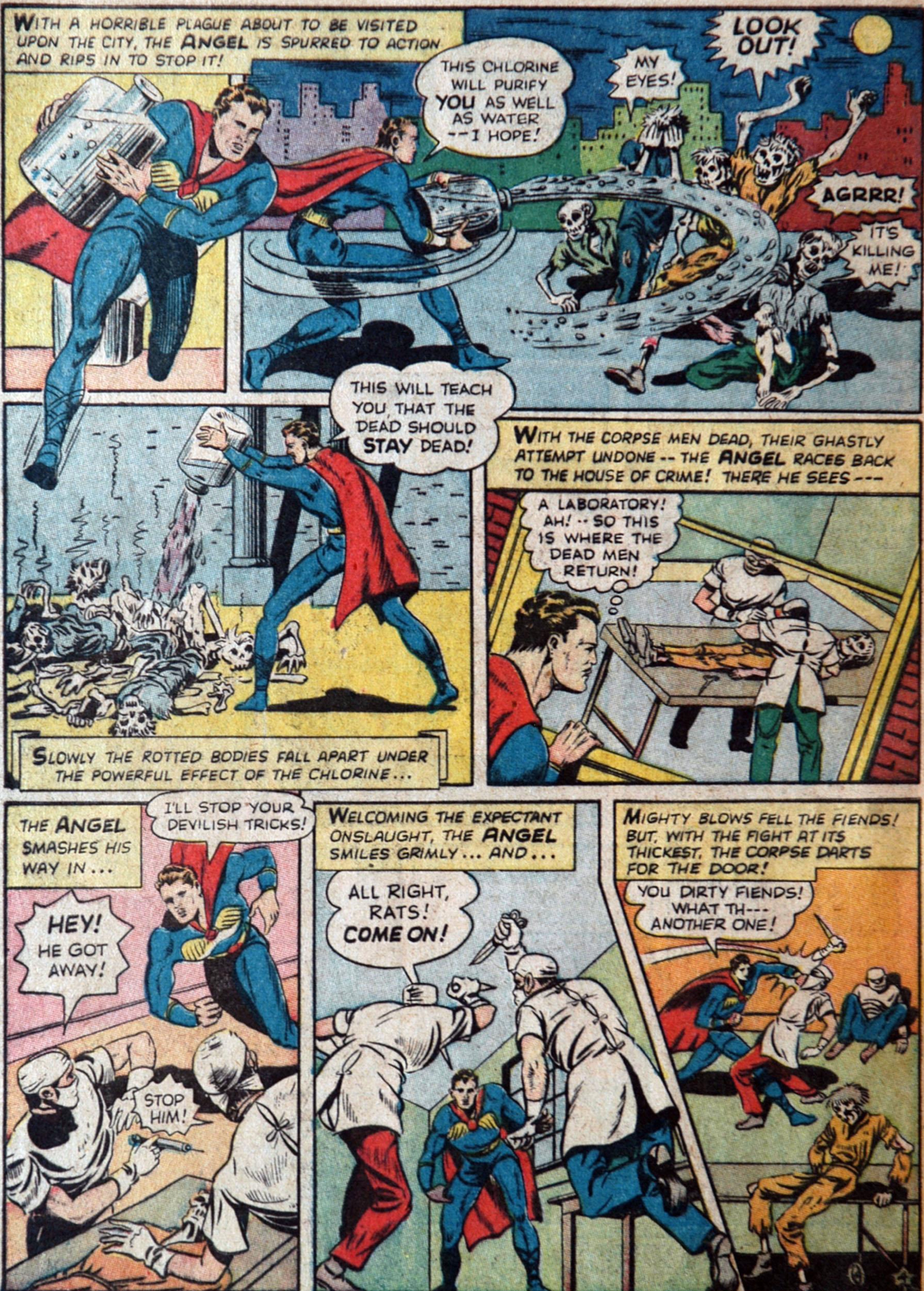
YOU **DID** IT, MY BOY! YOU CERTAINLY HAVE A HEAD ON YOUR SHOULDERS!
HAW! I TOLD YOU HE WASN'T A **BLACK!**
HMPH!
YES--AND NOW I CAN **KEEP** IT THERE!
WE HAVE DECIDED TO LET YOU GO --AND WE PROMISE **NEVER TO BATTLE AGAIN!**
NO, NEVER!
GEE! THAT'S **GREAT!**
GOODBYE, JIMMY!
GOODBYE, JIMMY! AND DON'T FORGET THE TROUBLE YOU ALMOST GOT INTO! **WASH BEHIND YOUR EARS!**
BYE!
SO JIMMY STARTS ONCE MORE TO LOOK FOR THE WAY TO CHINA --- BUT ---!
I'M GLAD THEY'RE NOT GOING TO FIGHT ANY MORE!
WHAT'S **THAT!**
BOOM!
BAM!
WELL -- I'LL BE **DARNED!** THEY'RE JUST LIKE EVERYONE ELSE!
FOR DOWN ON THE CHESSBOARD BATTLEFIELD THE **WHITES** AND THE **BLACKS** ARE ONCE AGAIN BATTLING FOR POSSESSION OF A BLACK SQUARE!
IT ALL SEEMS SO **POINTLESS!**
CRASH! BOOM! BAM!
OH, WELL! -- **I** CAN'T DO ANYTHING FOR THEM! -- NOW TO GET TO CHINA!
DO ***YOU*** THINK HE'LL GET THERE? ... WE'LL SEE IN THE NEXT **MARVEL** COMICS!

THE ANGEL
THE HOUSE of the LIVING DEAD... HOLDS UNTOLD HORRORS FOR ALL WHO DARE TO ENTER! ARE YOU FEARLESS ENOUGH TO FOLLOW THE ANGEL THROUGH THESE LONG, BLACK CORRIDORS OF DEATH? -- YES? -- -- THEN ENTER!
SOCKO!

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. 1940 COPYRIGHT 1942

IN THE OFFICE OF THE MAYOR...
A GRUESOME CREATURE WITH THE STENCH OF DEATH ABOUT HIM SLIPS THROUGH THE DOOR UNSEEN!
...AND I WISH TO STATE THAT THESE CRIMES --- WHY ----- WHAT'S THE MATTER, MISS BOYLE?
WITH A HORRIBLE SCREAM, THE LIVING CORPSE LEAPS!-- BUT, AT THAT MOMENT, IN SWINGS THE ANGEL, NEMESIS OF CRIME!..
WHAT?--- AGRRR---
HELP!
...AND TEARS THE FOUL CREATURE FROM THE MAYOR!
I'VE TRAILED YOU FOR A LONG TIME! NOW -----
BOP!
A WICKED PUNCH -- AND THE CORPSE FLIES OUT THE WINDOW!
I'LL GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS FIENDISHNESS YET!
YOO-OWOO!
CRUNCH!
BUT THE CREATURE PICKS HIS TWISTED BODY FROM THE SIDEWALK, AND MADLY RUSHES OFF!
HA-HA! I'M ALREADY DEAD! NOTHING CAN KILL ME NOW!
IN THE GHOSTLY HALF LIGHT OF DUSK, THE DEAD MAN LEADS THE ANGEL TO --- A GRAVEYARD!
WE, THE LIVING DEAD, SHALL RULE THE WORLD! TONIGHT YOU MUST JUMP INTO THE RESERVOIR AND POLLUTE THE WATER SUPPLY!
WHAT'S THIS?
7


FIGHTING MAD, THE ANGEL TEARS INTO THE HIDEOUS MEN OF THE GRAVES!
GET HIM! TEAR HIM APART!
KILL!
WHAM!
KILL!
THAT LEADER IS NO MORE DEAD THAN I AM!
BUT THE FOUL CREATURES SWARM OVER HIM! AND HE GOES DOWN UNDER THEIR REEKING BODIES!
TAKE HIM TO THE DUNGEON!
WE HAVE HIM!
DRAGGED TO AN OLD MANSION ON THE EDGE OF THE CEMETERY, THE ANGEL IS THROWN INTO THE EERIE DUNGEON!
YOU'LL BE THE NEXT TO JOIN THE LIVING DEAD!
HA! HA! HA!
The ANGEL COMES TO...
HOLY SMOKE! WHAT A PLACE! SAY! -- I'LL HAVE TO STOP THOSE ZOMBIES FROM POLLUTING THE RESERVOIR!
I'LL CRACK THIS CAN OR BUST!
HURTLING THROUGH THE SMASHED WINDOW, THE ANGEL HEADS FOR THE RESERVOIR!
IF I CAN ONLY HEAD THEM OFF...
THERE THEY ARE! I'LL HIDE INSIDE THE PLANT!
AH! -- THE CHLORINE TREATMENT PLANT! THESE BOTTLES OF CHLORINE GIVE ME AN IDEA!


WITH A HORRIBLE PLAGUE ABOUT TO BE VISITED UPON THE CITY, THE ANGEL IS SPURRED TO ACTION AND RIPS IN TO STOP IT!
THIS CHLORINE WILL PURIFY YOU AS WELL AS WATER --I HOPE!
MY EYES!
LOOK OUT!
AGRRR!
IT'S KILLING ME!
THIS WILL TEACH YOU, THAT THE DEAD SHOULD STAY DEAD!
SLOWLY THE ROTTED BODIES FALL APART UNDER THE POWERFUL EFFECT OF THE CHLORINE...
WITH THE CORPSE MEN DEAD, THEIR GHASTLY ATTEMPT UNDONE -- THE ANGEL RACES BACK TO THE HOUSE OF CRIME! THERE HE SEES---
A LABORATORY! AH! -- SO THIS IS WHERE THE DEAD MEN RETURN!
THE ANGEL SMASHES HIS WAY IN...
I'LL STOP YOUR DEVILISH TRICKS!
HEY! HE GOT AWAY!
STOP HIM!
WELCOMING THE EXPECTANT ONSLAUGHT, THE ANGEL SMILES GRIMLY... AND...
ALL RIGHT, RATS! COME ON!
MIGHTY BLOWS FELL THE FIENDS! BUT, WITH THE FIGHT AT ITS THICKEST, THE CORPSE DARTS FOR THE DOOR!
YOU DIRTY FIENDS! WHAT TH--- ANOTHER ONE!

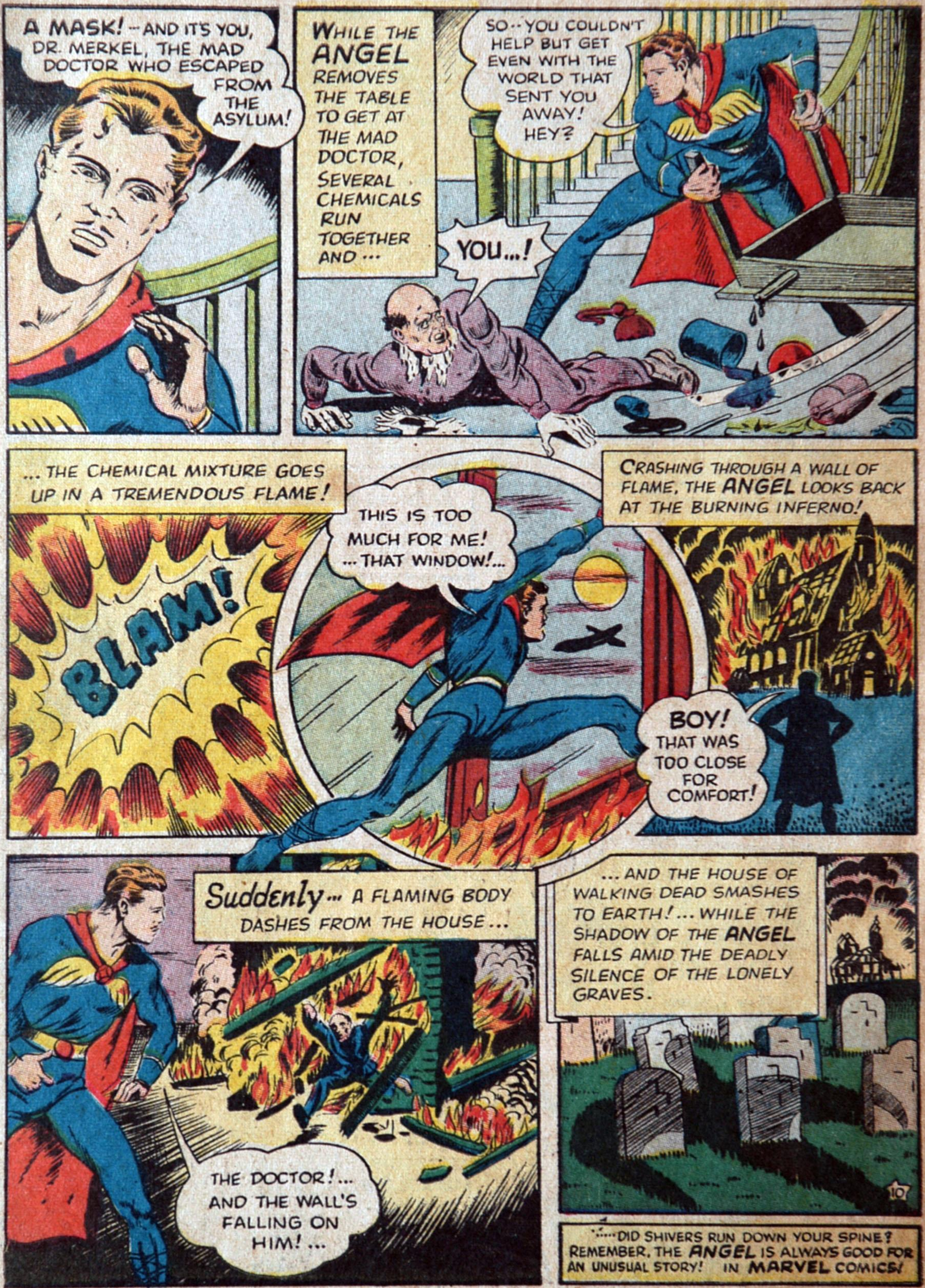
DROPPING THE UNCONSCIOUS DEMONS TO THE FLOOR, THE **ANGEL** CHARGES AFTER THE LOATHSOME CADAVER!
IF YOU HAVE TO BE KILLED TWICE, TO DIE, I'LL DO IT!
IEEE! STAY AWAY!
THE WEIRD CHASE LEADS THROUGH THE OLD GRAVEYARD, AND THERE -----
WHAT! OVER THERE... MORE OF THEM DIGGING A HUGE GRAVE!
HELP! HE'S COMING AFTER ME!
WIELDING SHOVELS AND AXES, THE HORRIBLE MEN OF THE GRAVE CHARGE AT THE **ANGEL**!
THIS IS MY MEAT, GHOULS! COME AND GET IT!
BESIDE THE GREAT PIT, THE BATTLE RAGES!
THIS'LL MAKE YOU LIKE THE REST OF US!
YOU'LL HAVE TO DO BETTER THAN **THAT**!
BACK TO YOUR GRAVES YOU GO!
AAA!
JUMP ON HIM!
THIS IS ONE GRAVE YOU WON'T COME BACK FROM!

I'LL GIVE THOSE DEVILS A TASTE OF HADES!
RACING TO A PARKED CAR, THE ANGEL DRAINS OUT THE GAS!
I'LL FINISH THEM... ONCE AND FOR ALL!
AND SPILLS IT OVER THE REEKING BODIES IN THE PIT---
HAVE A DRINK OF LIQUID DEATH!
THEN...
THIS IS THE END OF YOUR CRIMES!
NOW BACK TO YOUR LABORATORY!
INSIDE THE LABORATORY... THE ANGEL CONFRONTS THE LEADER OF THE DEAD MEN...
I DON'T THINK YOU ARE AS DEAD AS YOU LOOK!
WHAT!
THE "CORPSE" PULLS AWAY, AND DASHES MADLY UP A STAIRCASE!
YOU SLIMY FIEND! --I'LL GET YOU!

THE ANGEL DIVES--AND---
GOTCHA!
LEGGO! LEGGO!
THIS WILL BE THE END OF YOU AND YOUR LEGION OF DEAD!
UGGG!
HE'S DISAPPEARED! NOW WHAT GOES ON?
UNINJURED, THE MONSTROUS CREATURE TEARS FOR THE CELLAR!
SO... YOU'RE GOING TO TAKE A LOT OF KILLING, EH?
THIS HORRIBLE DISPLAY IS THE ONLY THING HERE! I WONDER WHERE HE WENT?
--BUT THE SINISTER FIGURE HANGING ON A HOOK DROPS!--
THEN...
NOW YOU'LL GET IT FOR SPOILING MY SET-UP!
7

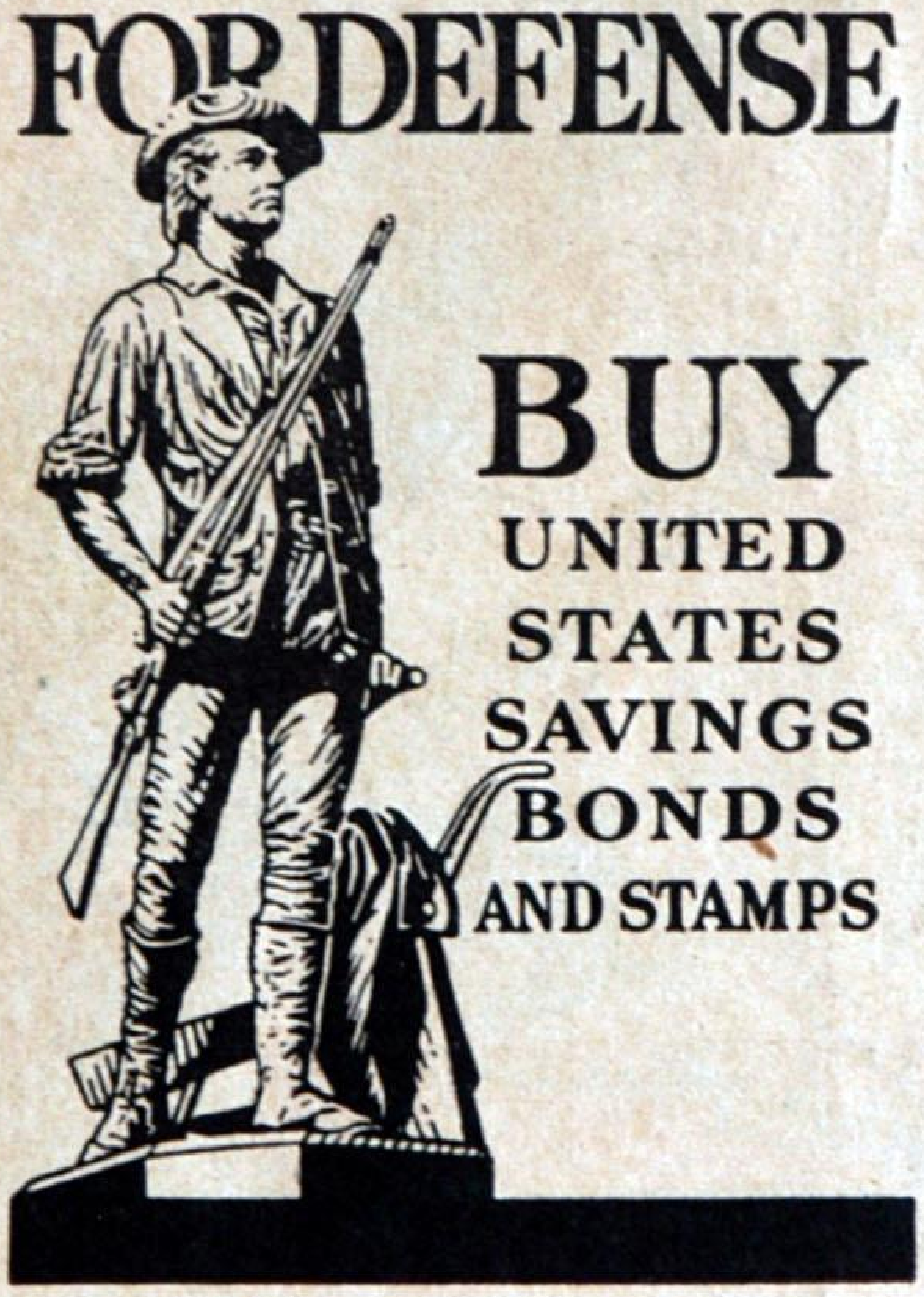
YOU STUCK YOUR NECK OUT TOO FAR THIS TIME, WISE GUY!
BUT THE ANGEL DUCKS IN TIME...
YOU SPOKE TOO SOON!
BUT THE FIGHT IS NOT OVER, FOR...
HE KILLED THE LEADER!
LET ME KILL HIM!
WHAT!--' MORE OF THEM?
NOW I AM MAD! COME ON, YOU NIGHTMARES!
AGRRR!
KILL!
UNDER THE ANGEL'S TERRIFIC BLOWS, THE BODIES OF THE DEAD MEN FALL APART! BUT THE LEADER COMES TO AND DARTS FOR THE DOOR!
THAT TAKES CARE OF YOU!

THE LEADER GOT AWAY! ... NOW WHAT'S HE UP TO?
YOU'LL HAVE TO DO BETTER THAN **THAT!**
STOP **THIS!** THE ACID WILL EAT YOU APART!
YOUR AIM IS VERY BAD!
DODGING THE DEADLY BOTTLES, THE **ANGEL** GRABS THE EDGE OF THE TABLE...
... AND THROWS IT!
NOW **I'LL** DO SOME TOSSING!
OWOOO!
SPILT ACID RUNS ONTO THE HORRIBLE FACE OF THE LEADER!
HELP! GET ME UP! IT'S BURNING ME!
and...
A MOMENT LATER... A TRANSFORMATION TAKES PLACE ... AND THE **ANGEL** DISCOVERS...


A MASK! — AND IT'S YOU, DR. MERKEL, THE MAD DOCTOR WHO ESCAPED FROM THE ASYLUM!
WHILE THE ANGEL REMOVES THE TABLE TO GET AT THE MAD DOCTOR, SEVERAL CHEMICALS RUN TOGETHER AND ...
SO.. YOU COULDN'T HELP BUT GET EVEN WITH THE WORLD THAT SENT YOU AWAY! HEY?
YOU...!
... THE CHEMICAL MIXTURE GOES UP IN A TREMENDOUS FLAME!
BLAM!
THIS IS TOO MUCH FOR ME! ... THAT WINDOW!...
CRASHING THROUGH A WALL OF FLAME, THE ANGEL LOOKS BACK AT THE BURNING INFERNO!
BOY! THAT WAS TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT!
Suddenly... A FLAMING BODY DASHES FROM THE HOUSE...
THE DOCTOR!... AND THE WALL'S FALLING ON HIM!...
... AND THE HOUSE OF WALKING DEAD SMASHES TO EARTH! ... WHILE THE SHADOW OF THE ANGEL FALLS AMID THE DEADLY SILENCE OF THE LONELY GRAVES.
10
..... DID SHIVERS RUN DOWN YOUR SPINE? REMEMBER, THE ANGEL IS ALWAYS GOOD FOR AN UNUSUAL STORY! IN MARVEL COMICS!

REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR!

FOR DEFENSE



BUY
UNITED
STATES
SAVINGS
BONDS
AND STAMPS

LET ALL AMERICA ARISE
VICTORY SHALL BE OURS
DO YOUR SHARE

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